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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 16, 1933
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIV, No. 1756 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — SEPT. 16 1933

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"Allow me to add my testimonial to others I read . . . . I have preferred Craven 'A' Cigarettes for several years, but it was during an illness of a winter in bed with a weak chest, that I proved they were *the only Cigarettes which did not make me cough, or irritate.* Now after two years, and so far recovered as to be able to do all my own housework again, I am still of the same opinion, and can now smoke my usual quantity again without cough or chest irritation. My husband too always smokes Craven 'A' and prefers them to any other."

(The original letter to Carreras Ltd., can be verified at Arcadia Works).

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 16, 1933

STARS OF THE FUTURE

Girl Competitors Arriving on the All-England Club Courts at Wimbledon for the Start of the Junior Tennis Championships of Great Britain

Britain's present satisfactory position in the lawn tennis world may be attributed very largely to the outstanding encouragement which has been given in the past to young and promising players. As the above picture shows, the Junior Championships of Great Britain were again in full swing this week, and there is no doubt that among the hundreds of entrants there will be found one or two players capable of maintaining our prestige during the coming seasons. Not everyone may remember that Miss Scriven, this year's surprise Champion of France, won the girls' singles at Wimbledon in 1929, while the redoubtable Miss Nuthall, who carried off the American title in 1930 and took a set off Mrs. Moody only a few weeks ago, was successful in the same competition in 1924, 1925, and 1926. Among the boy players at Wimbledon who have since achieved success may be noted H. W. Austin, joint hero with Perry of this year's Davis Cup, J. S. Oliff, E. R. Avory, F. H. D. Wilde, and the steadily improving J. W. Nuthall. Such a list surely provides ample proof of the importance of these championships as an early training ground in match play. It may be that this year they will reveal that long-awaited British star with the inspiration of a Lenglen and the driving power of a Wills

Postage—Inland. 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

WILLESDEN BECOMES A MUNICIPAL BOROUGH: Sir Percy Greenaway, Lord Mayor of London, handing Councillor George H. Hiscocks, Charter Mayor of Willesden, the Charter of Incorporation which raises the urban district to the status of a municipal borough

A LONDON

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 13, 1933.

A FEATHER IN ITS CAP.

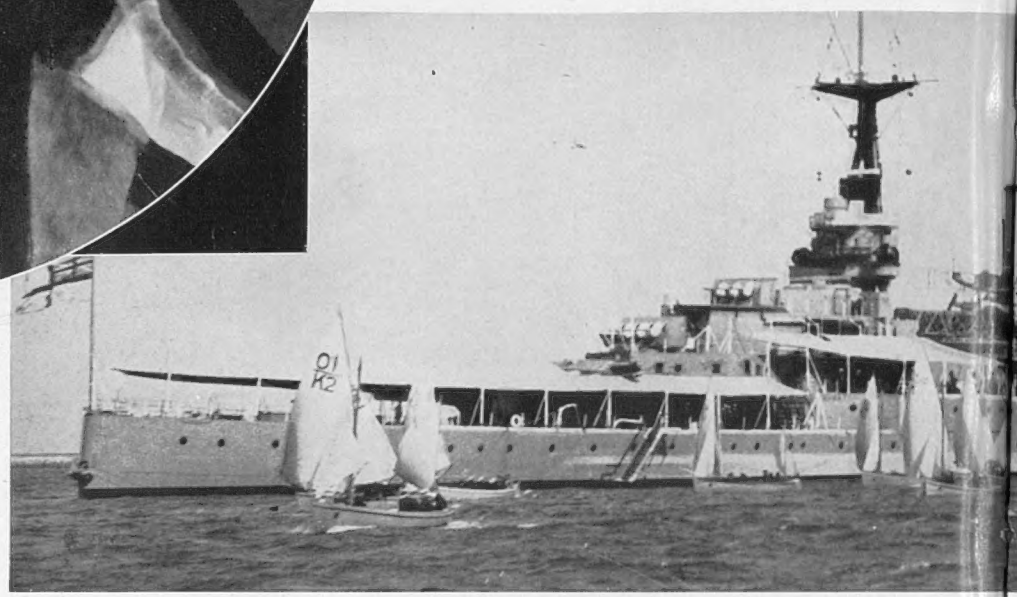
—The Cabinet met last week for the first time since the end of July. Ministers gathered from different parts of the kingdom, mostly from Scotland. The Premier came from Lossiemouth, where it is understood he has suffered from insomnia, a legacy of overwork; Mr. Thomas came from Balmoral, where he is always welcomed as a racy raconteur; and Mr. Chamberlain came also from Scotland, where fishing was in the doldrums and the heat abnormal. The chief business was foreign affairs—what line to take about the interminable American Debt question; how to flog along the dead donkey of Disarmament; what "safeguards" should accompany a brand-new trade agreement with the Russian Bear. Nothing very cheerful in these well-worn problems. But there were some more cheerful home items. In one year the unemployment figures have been reduced by 650,000, a reduction beyond all expectation and quite beyond accounting. But since we blame our misfortunes on the failure of Governments, Governments are entitled to take credit for such bull-points as occur. No doubt the great grid scheme, whose last pylon is now in position, employed a great number of men and helped several vital industries; no doubt an early and bountiful harvest has given extra work; no doubt the railways and the textile trades have been stimulated by the fine summer and an impetus to shipbuilding has reopened the yards; no doubt America is expected to need more whisky and closed distilleries are reopening. But all these are individually very trifling factors in so large a reduction of unemployment. Trade has raised its head and none knows why, nor whether it is a transient faith-cure or a basis for established world recovery. Still it is hopeful, and the Cabinet is justified in rubbing its hands.

IN SCOTLAND NOW.—

My first impressions of the Highland season come later than usual, come indeed when the best of the grouse driving is over and the meetings and the stalking season are in full swing. As for fishing, the salmon angler can't catch fish without a river to hold them, and Scotland has no rivers. There are some dry shingle-beds which once were called Spey, Tummel, Findhorn, etc., but those names and the records they recalled are only memories. The grouse season has been a very remarkable disappointment. I cannot recall so general and so confident a prediction of a great year being so faulty. It has been a very patchy and very moderate year, and the cause is a mystery since there are no signs of serious disease. In Moray, Nairn, Ross, and Inverness on the whole results are worse than last year. In Aberdeenshire definitely worse. In Angus very good. In Argyllshire deplorable. In Perthshire moderate. Yet Scotland is very full. The good hopes of the grouse gave a big impetus to the lettings and most of the big landlords disposed of their lodges. The Perth–Inverness road has suffered badly from the traffic—immense increase in caravan trailers, notable reduction in motor coaches—and it is no longer the smooth delight of two years ago. It is indeed going back to its pristine ridge and furrow.

SOME RAILWAY CRITICISM.

—Perhaps as a result of this returning road discomfort, the trains are still crowded, the sleeping berths all filled, and it is high time the companies "released" their improved third class sleeping facilities. The lower berths, which a few years ago were hailed with joy, are antiquated now. No individual lights, no hooks or receptacles for clothing, and indeed no gadgets of any kind. The train breakfast service, too, is quite inadequate. The meal takes too long to serve, and is composed of too many courses. As a result, there is a perpetual queue of hungry, cursing passengers. When will the railway restaurateurs learn sense and provide quick, two-course services for all meals, instead of those long-drawn-out commercial travellers' feasts for a few first comers? Scotland, like England, is countryside and permanent residents. On the whole, Scotland has enjoyed an excellent and profitable season.



THE HOME FLEET SAILING REGATTA: Gigs, whalers, and cutters circling H.M.S. *Renown* in the regatta which was held as a prelude to the more serious business of naval manœuvres

BLACKGAME AGAIN.—

For the first time for many, many years I took part in a blackgame drive, and thrilled to see again these very fast and long-flying birds coming in large numbers over the line of guns. For many years in some parts of the Highlands blackgame has been regarded as a dying species. Some said the capercailzie drove away the blackcock, others shook their heads over modern moor drainage and declared that the grey-hen is a bad mother who carelessly lets her brood drown in the ditches. Neither the "caper" nor the dykes are to blame, since there is no cause for blame. While the "caper" still increases, blackgame are coming back also, to the enormous advantage of rough shooting. There is no item in the bag so interesting as a fine blackcock and, indeed, no bird so difficult to put into the bag. For he is as clever as he is fast. I was very glad to welcome him and his thriving family back once more to the familiar birch-woods on the moor to which he has been too long a stranger. The cause of his return, first and last, is plenty of sunshine. The chick is a delicate creature and requires more than his share of sunshine to gain strength. For two years he has had it.

THE MONSTER OF LOCH NESS.

—It was all very well to haul out of Loch Ness an old tree-stump mildly resembling a horse and to photograph it for the London Press. That might satisfy the London Scots and allay their anxiety. But the genuine monster of Loch Ness laughed in its fetlock and resumed its awful activities. Invermoriston (to a man) saw it gambolling again last week. It has (like the log) "a long, flat head, and a thin, wriggly neck like an eel." It is 30 ft. long, according to Mrs. Macdonell and Mrs. Sutherland, who saw it close in at Port Clair. It travelled like a snake at twenty miles an hour. Its familiar hump broke the water into foam. It made waves such as a paddle steamer makes on calm water. Nine other people in Invermoriston saw the awful beast. Some of them were most struck by its sinister eyes, some by its monstrous hump; the policeman's son watched it for half-an-hour; the widow Grant for a few minutes; Mrs. William Macdonald swore to it; William Grant (Dalcattaig) swore at it. You can rely on Invermoriston folk. They are quiet, shrewd, observant, and reliable. The monster is no drowned log but a genuine Silly Season Sea Serpent. Meanwhile, this is probably the last we shall hear of it until next August.

CAR RADIO.

—No doubt at all our world of to-day is organized for imbeciles. It is a gigantic and luxurious mad-house planned on American lines; and sentimental, even maudlin, Government folds its hands and mildly applauds the last new device for filling another hour in the empty day of empty minds. This car radio—shall we follow America's lead and equip all standard car models with radio? Another gadget implies surely another advance to scientific perfection: the earth made still more fit for supermen to live in. It matters not that half the drivers on the road are quite unfit to be in charge of a car, owing to arrested development, highly developed crétinism, innate imbecility, inherited criminal tendencies, and other causes. It matters not that of the other 50 per cent., 30 per cent. drive to the public danger within the meaning of the rotten and totally disregarded Act (so called), because they allow their attention to wander from the business on hand. Flabby and loose-mouthed Government folds its hands and smiles its slobbering, sentimental smile over the last new toy for the lunatics-on-velvet, until a day comes when once more the figures of road deaths, doubled again, evoke awkward questions and Authority undertakes to examine into what can be done, provided that "Something" does not unjustly hit private enterprise. By all means let car radio dig in and the road hog enjoy the magic conjunction of beautiful views and Beethoven.

A FREAK GARDEN.

—The season for the opening of gardens is drawing to a close. I saw many private gardens during the past season, but none so curious as Compton Acres at Canford Cliffs. Here Mr. Simpson has transformed 15 acres overlooking Brownsea Island and Poole Harbour into the

NEWSLETTER

pleasure grounds of a Kubla Khan. Miles of narrow paths, within clipped hedges, wind like a maze in and out, opening unexpectedly on to "chambers" of different kinds of plants. There are several chambers of rock plants, grottos, classic gardens, Italian gardens. One peep reveals far below a delightful brook pool in a fir wood in which cranes and pink flamingos contemplate the world standing on one leg. But of all the chambers which open out from the dark and tortuous passages the sandy garden of the rarest and most grotesque cacti, having the shape of all sorts of animals and things, and set in an arid desert, is one of the oddest, while the Far-Eastern garden, with its little stone bridges, its stone gods and pagodas, and its little temple with a vista of a tiny emerald green lawn before it, runs the cactus garden close. In half-a-dozen pagodas or summer-houses, you find tea things set out, in aviaries cunningly built into the green walls bright coloured birds are found. The whole is a peep-show of breathless interest. True, it is glaringly artificial and it is stuffy, but it is a miracle of invention and of landscape gardening. The charge for admission is high, but the queue of cars would not shame Bond Street during the rush hours, and no visitor ever yet has failed to admit that he had his money's worth. It opens no more this year, but I should advise keen gardeners and the curious sightseer to make a note of it and to try and find Canford Cliffs next summer. There is no garden in England so fantastic, so grotesque, so well cared for, nor so difficult to find in the maze of Bournemouth's environs.

ALL FOOLS.—"Charley says that all our generals at the War are fools. N.B.—This is Charley." The cartoon will be found in an old *Punch* of the Boer War period. The inset portrait of Charley was of a chinless, monocled subaltern. Mr. Lloyd George (whose first volume of War Reminiscences is now published, so as not to conflict with the rival best seller, Mr. Churchill's *Marlborough*) is not like Charley. He is neither chinless nor a subaltern. I do not know whether his sight is biased. He says much the same as Charley, and he hits very hard all round the wicket. He thinks the War Office was peopled with duds in the years 1914–15 at least. If Kitchener, for example, had taken Lloyd George's views on strategy in February, 1915, how different it might have been! Yet should we at that time have thought better of our experienced and trusted war leader if he had turned for advice on his own subject to a solicitor turned politician? I cannot think we should. It is a reflection not to be lost sight of in reading records of opinions held during the War and published twenty years after. Mr. George was a great figure in that matchless tragedy and would be a greater figure to-day if, when the last gun was silenced, he had retired, a silent Cincinnatus, to Criccieth or Churt.

LORD GREY.—Lord Grey's death followed on a slow and general decline of his strength and powers. His sight had for some time been getting worse and worse. Long ago he suffered the loss of his favourite pursuit, bird-watching, but he remained the most wonderful companion for a naturalist during the breeding season, when his experienced ear could detect the presence of rare song-birds. All his life his best-loved recreation was bird-watching. He was a field naturalist even before he was a fisherman, the sport of angling being the only sport which goes hand in hand with the science. All his writings on sport and natural history—which will live as classics—prove this. It is curious how the Grey family from time immemorial have loved their Northumberland acres and taken reluctantly to politics as a patriotic duty, ever retiring from public life with undisguised thankfulness when the claims of duty permitted. The Greys of Berwick were settled in Northumberland in the fourteenth century and have never left it.

THE FUTURE OF ROADSIDE LIDOS.—What will be the length of life of the swimming pools which are springing up with the road houses all along the southern trunk roads? We know that while the sun shines and they remain novelties, they pay the quickest dividends ever known. Of course the fashion will be overdone, and then these local Lidos will have to face:

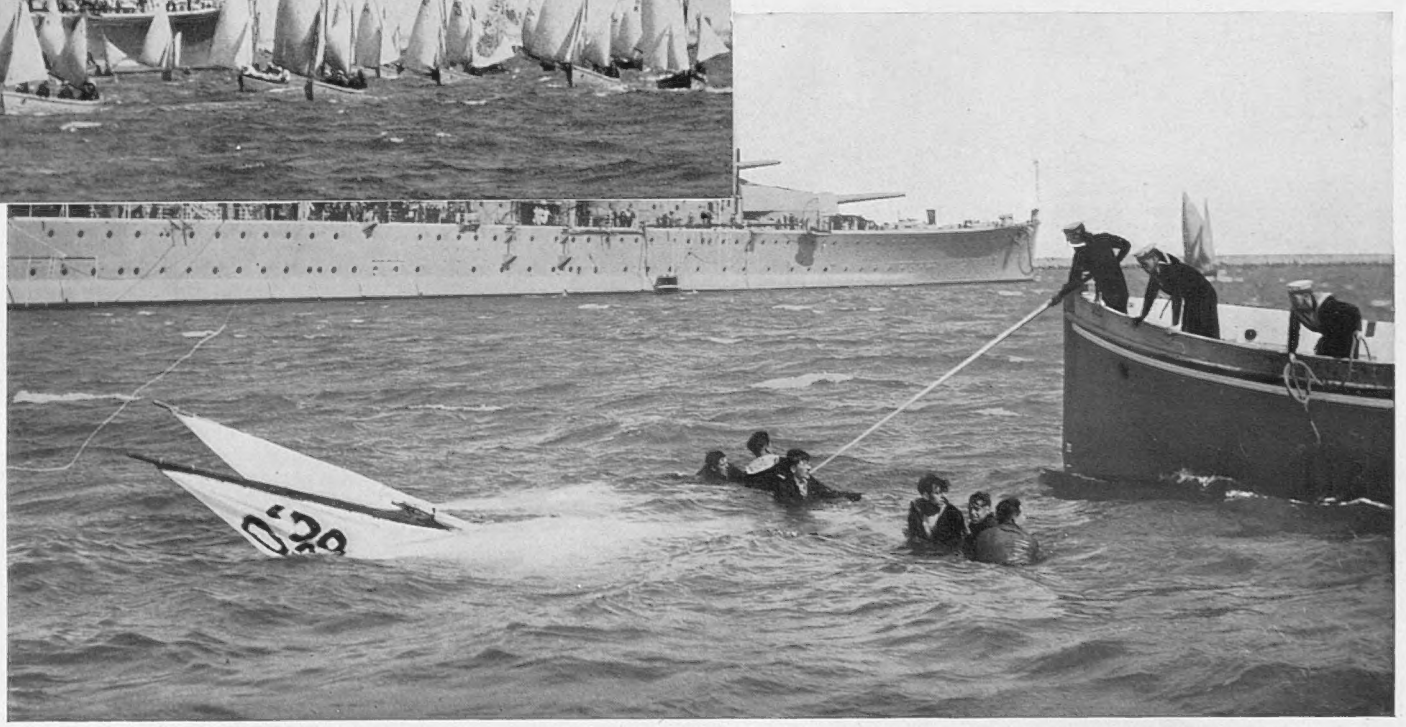
(1) The chances of a wet, cold summer.
(2) Over-production of Lidos.
(3) The probability of some medical scare frightening bathers away.

The first is about due for 1934. The second will be accomplished in 1934. The third is already whispered. There is a real difficulty in keeping free from germs and infection water not constantly flowing. It costs about 30s. to fill a small swimming bath. It takes about three days for clean water in such a bath to become green and thick and the floor greasy.

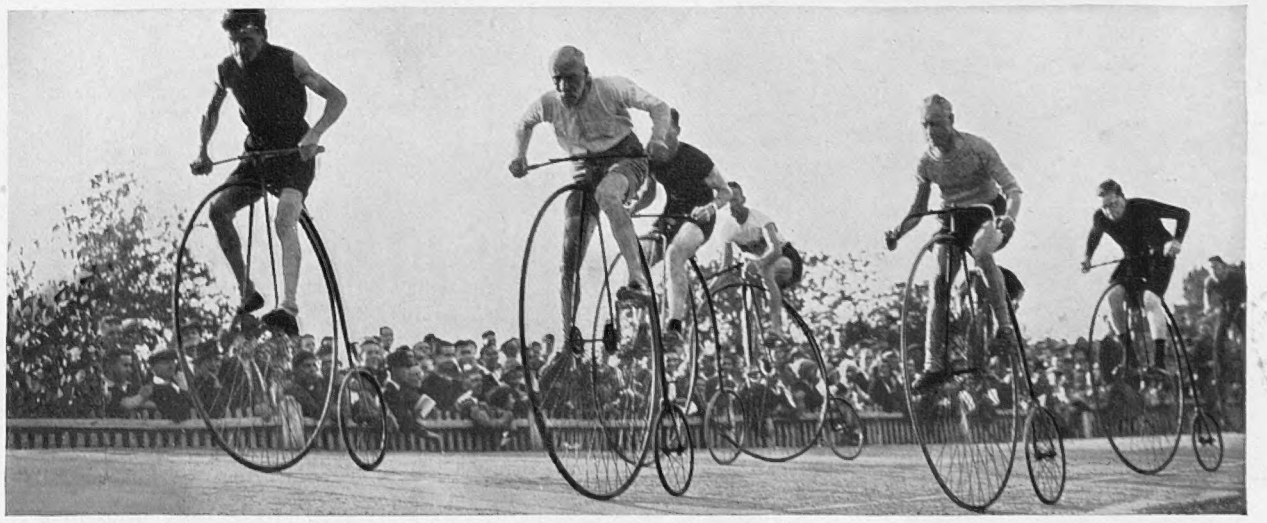
THE OLD STAGER

LIFE IN CUBA.—There was a (traditional) English governess who lived in Paris during the siege of 1870 without being aware that anything out of the ordinary was afoot. If that good woman were living to-day in Santiago or Havana she could hardly have retained her innocence and ignorance of disagreeable happenings. The Island Republic in the West Indies has been positively seething. Within a month two Presidents have been hurled from office, two not bloodless *coups d'état* accomplished, with an appalling visitation of Nature sandwiched in between them. Machado went the way of Cuban Presidents, which is the quick way by the back

Weymouth Bay during the



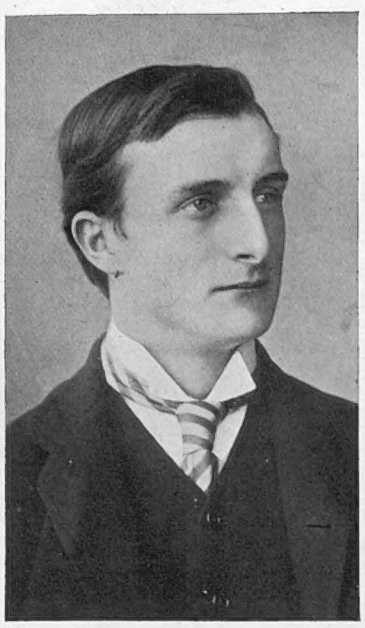
IN THEIR ELEMENT: The crew of a naval sailing boat struggling to safety after their craft had capsized during the Home Fleet Regatta at Weymouth. A rescue party was quickly rushed to the spot before worse disaster could befall



THE SCORCHERS: The Penny Farthing Cycle Race at Herne Hill, where the 21st annual meeting of cycling champions was held last Saturday

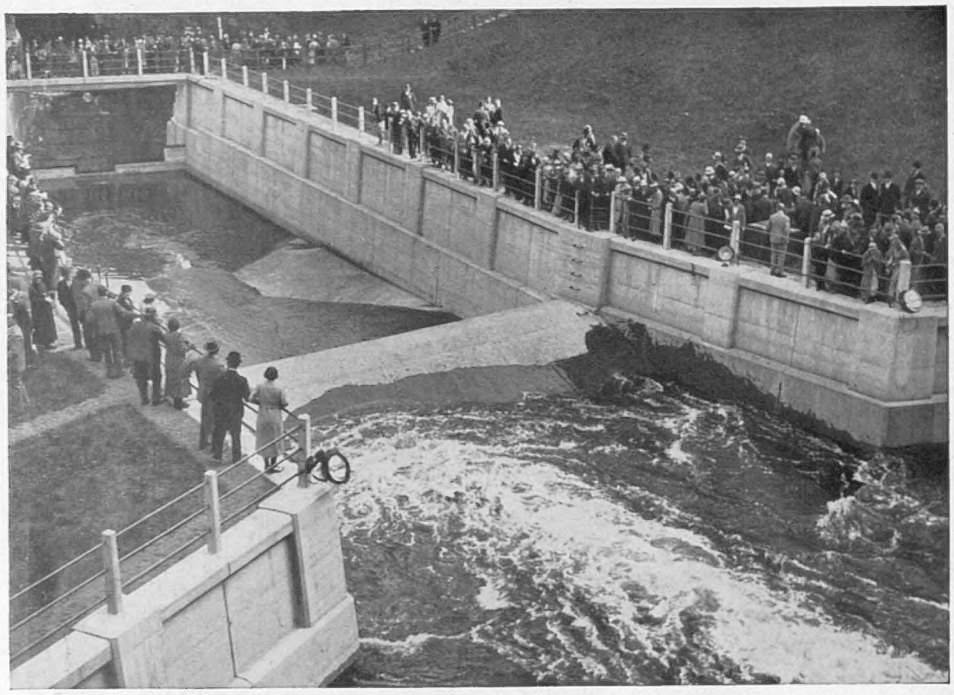
A PICTORIAL SURVEY

A DISTINGUISHED AND WELCOME VISITOR: Professor Albert Einstein, whose outspoken disapproval of the German Government's anti-Semitic policy has incurred the wrath of Chancellor Hitler, has sought refuge in England and is now staying with Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson at his holiday camp



THE LATE VISCOUNT GREY: An early portrait of Britain's War-time Minister taken during the days when he first showed his ability as a Parliamentarian

THE PASSING OF A STATESMAN: late Viscount Grey during last accordance with the family's The successor in the baronetcy the title of Sir Charles

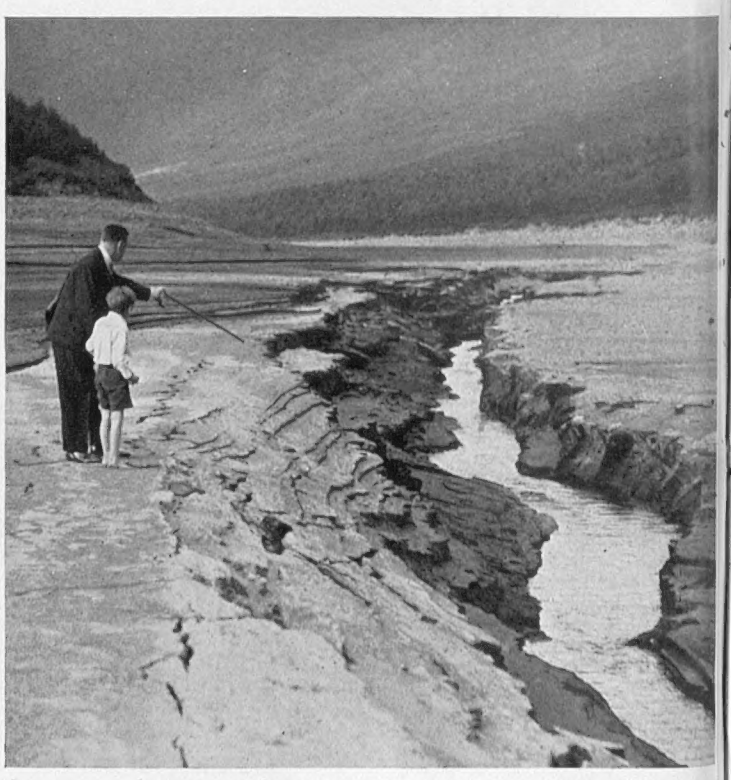


PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE: The scene at the opening of the new Ryburn Valley Waterworks, Yorkshire. The recent drought, the effects of which were only partially alleviated this week, has shown the necessity for an even larger water storage capacity in the North Country reservoirs

MR. SYDNEY FOSTER, recently appointed manager of the Milk Marketing Board with a salary rising from £5,000 a year

LONDON'S NEXT LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS: Alderman and Mrs. C. H. Collett in the garden of their home at Beckenham, Kent. Alderman Collett is a member of the Glovers' Company

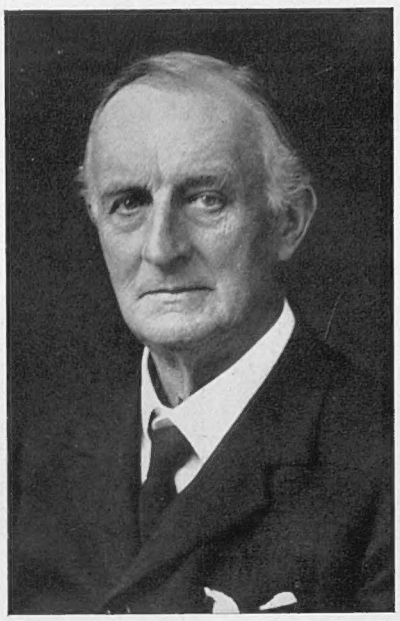
A SURVIVAL OF SAXON DAYS: The ancient horn dance in progress in the grounds of Bagot's Castle, near Abbots Bromley, Staffordshire. At one time the horns bore the arms of the Bagot family and other local owners of property, and were used in the dance as a ceremonial declaration of forest rights



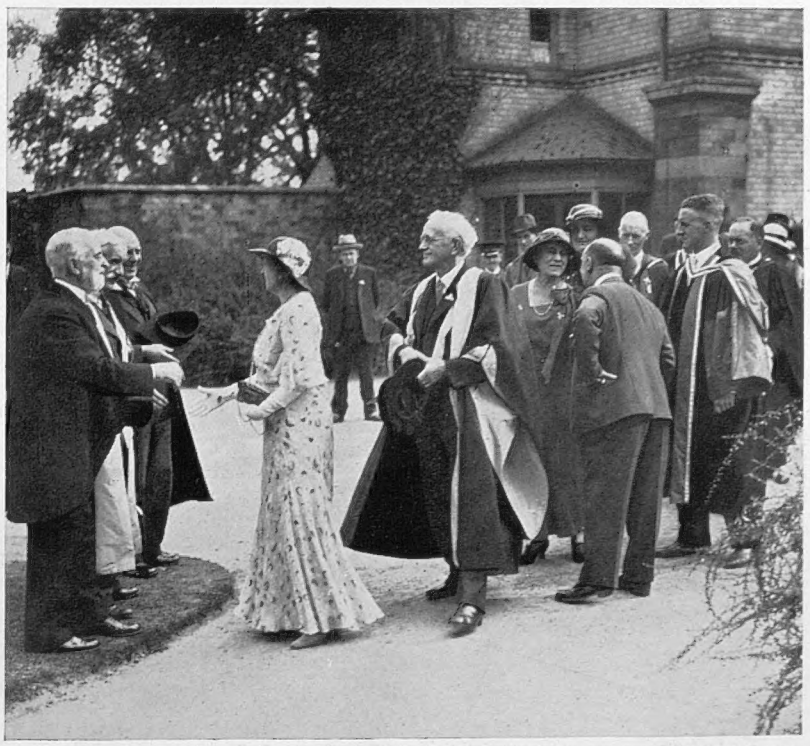
ONCE THE RIVER DERWENT: A remarkable picture from Bamford, near Sheffield, showing the effects of the recent drought on the Yorkshire countryside. The spot where the two figures are standing is usually about 40 ft. deep in water

OF CURRENT EVENTS

The chief mourners following the coffin of the week's funeral at Darlington Cemetery. In wishes, the ceremony was of a private character. is Viscount Grey's cousin, who will now assume George Grey. The viscounty lapses

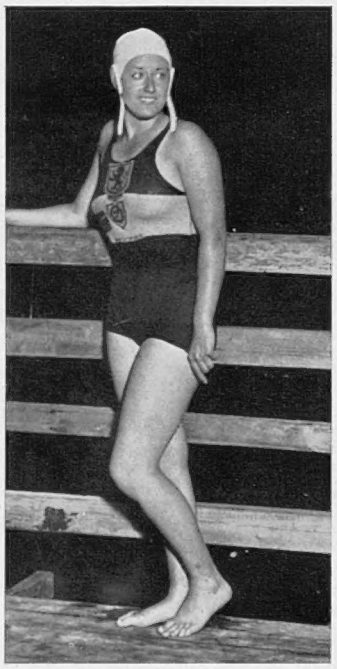


IN LATER LIFE: Viscount Grey as he was during the active days of his retirement when he devoted his life to the study of natural history at his home at Fallodon

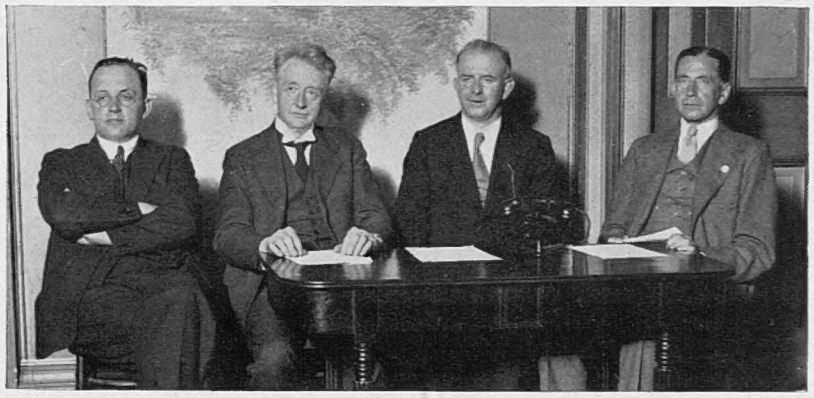


WHEN SCIENTISTS MEET: Sir Jonathan North, Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, and Mr. F. L. Attenborough, receiving the guests at the British Association for the Advancement of Science Garden Party at University College, Leicester

AT THE ABOYNE GAMES: Miss Cathie Gilrugh, a little dancing champion, and Master Thomas D. McIvor, who has won over sixty prizes and three cups for Scottish dancing, with a big piper friend at the famous Highland Gathering

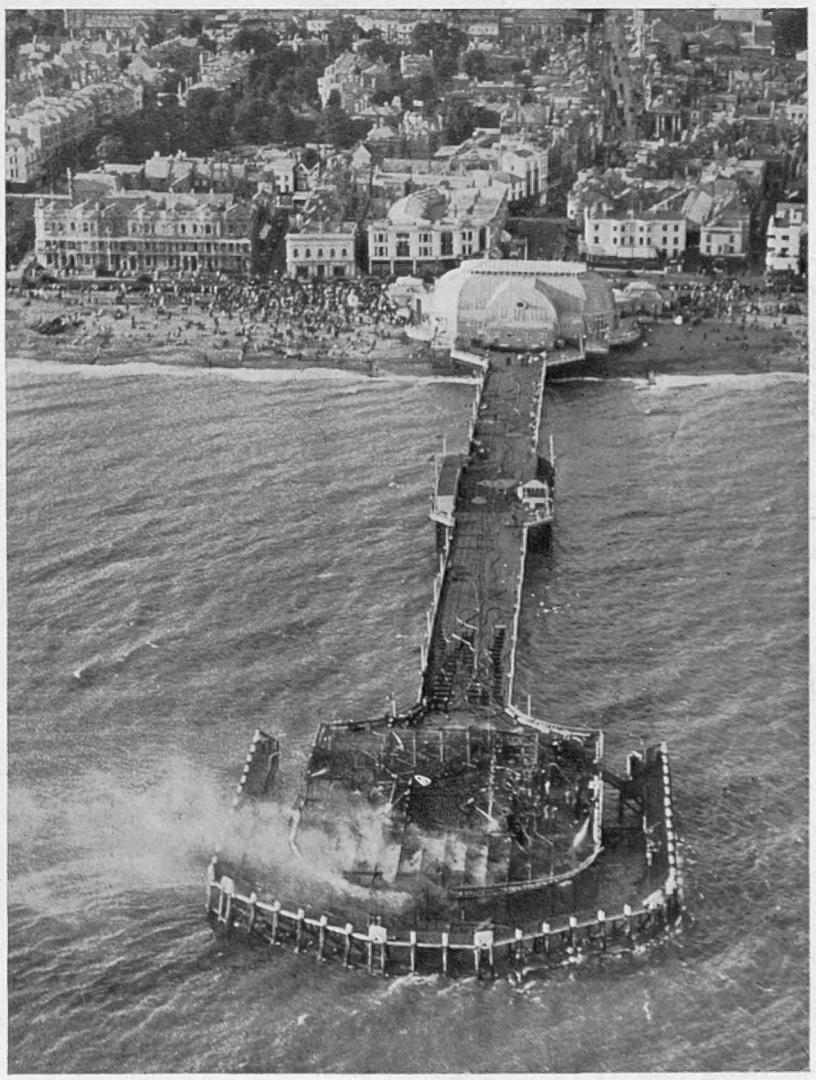


MISS JESSIE McVEY, winner of the East of Scotland Ladies' Hundred Yards Swimming Championship at North Berwick Pool



DEFYING FIANNA FAIL: The leaders of the new United Ireland Party photographed in Dublin this week. Left to right—Mr. James Dillon, Mr. William Cosgrave (vice-president), General O'Duffy (president), and Mr. F. MacDermott

DROUGHT OR INCENDIARIES? Two suggested causes of a serious heath fire which severely damaged the countryside and menaced the security of motorists near Slough last week. Fires in many other parts of the Southern counties were happily damped down by the heavy rain of Tuesday and Wednesday



THE WORTHING PIER BLAZE: An aerial view of last Sunday's fire at the famous South Coast resort. Three hundred holidaymakers, some of them in bathing suits, assisted the firemen in tearing up the planks of the pier to prevent the further spread of the flames

EUROPEAN EVENTS of the WEEK

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL LA FONTAINE reviewing a guard of honour before leaving Rome to represent the Pope in Vienna at the anniversary rejoicings which are still held to celebrate Austria's deliverance from Turkish domination

HOLLAND CELEBRATES HER DEFIANCE OF THE SEA: It is now 300 years since the great Dutch Polder "De Schermer" was finally completed and the low-lying marshlands reclaimed for cultivation. In remembrance of the occasion the villagers of Stompetorem staged an elaborate festival and held a celebration breakfast in the open air

A DOUBLE EVENT: The Nazi Secretary of State opening the new bridge over the Elbe in the little German town of Tangermuende. Thousands of visitors were attracted to the ceremony as the town is also celebrating its 1,000th anniversary

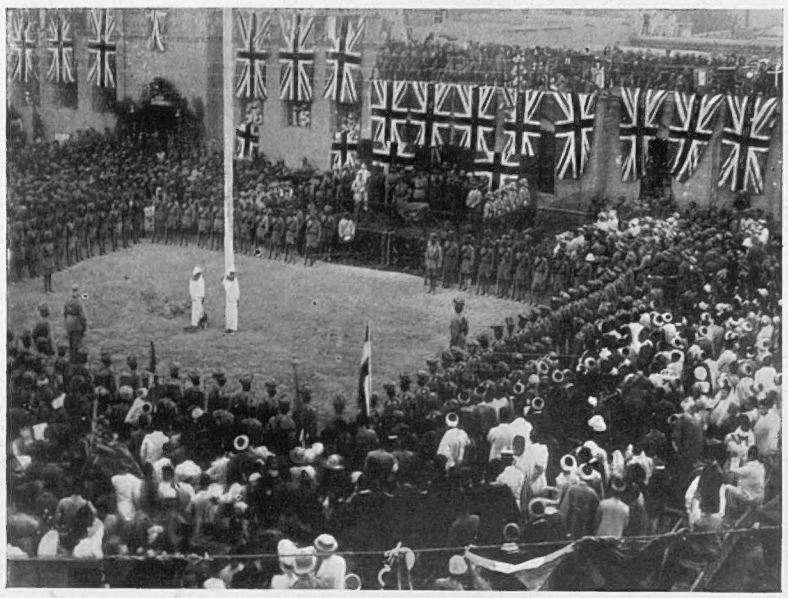
A KING PASSES

THE NATION BUILDER: A recent portrait of the late King Feisal taken in Paris before his return to Baghdad. The King was a tireless worker and, if there was official business to be done, never spared himself even when on holiday

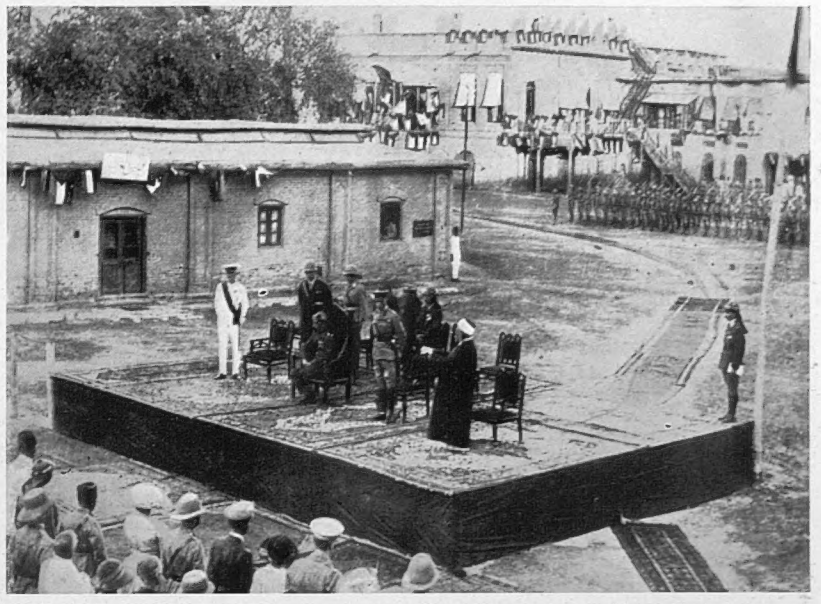
SOLDIER AND CHIEFTAIN: Two portraits of the late King Feisal taken in London before his accession to the throne. *Left*—In arab dress. *Right*—In military uniform

AN OLD HARROVIAN PROCLAIMED KING: Prince Ghazi, who received the latter part of his education at Harrow, seen in Hyde Park with his A.D.C. He took the oath as King Ghazi I at a session of the Iraq Parliament this week

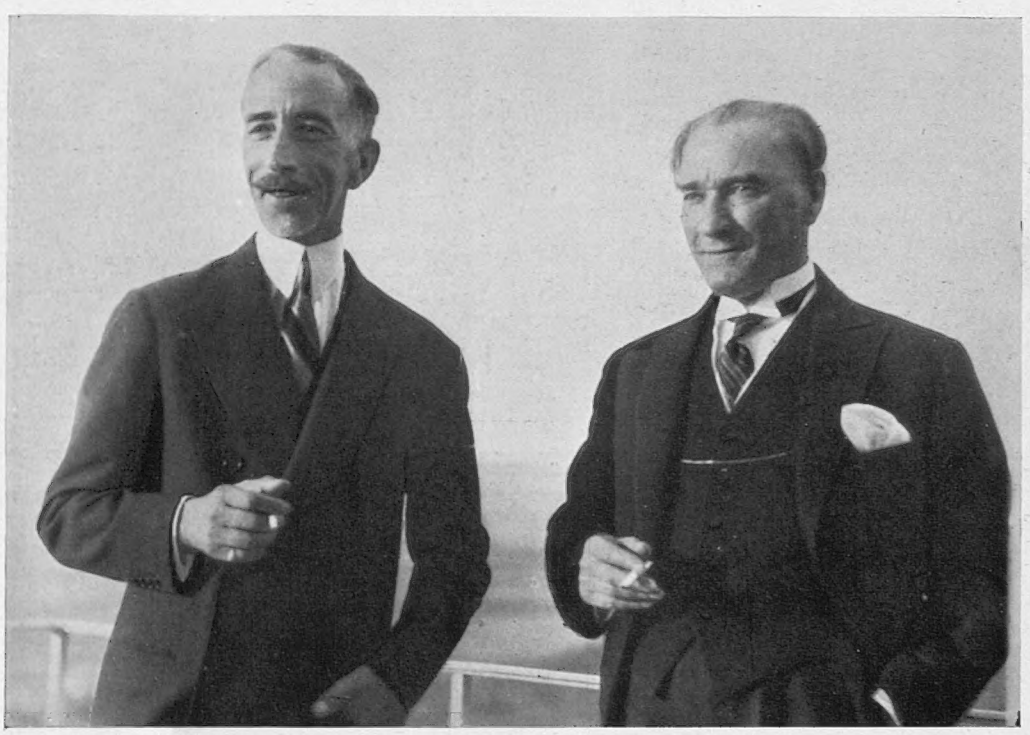
KING FEISAL OF IRAQ : 1921—1933



ARMISTICE: Proclamation of the temporary cessation of hostilities with Turkey, made in Baghdad on November 3, 1918. Feisal had entered Damascus in the previous October after the rout of the Turkish Fourth Army. He received a tremendous ovation, and, although declared Emir of Syria by the enthusiastic populace, had to restrict his authority to certain occupied territory



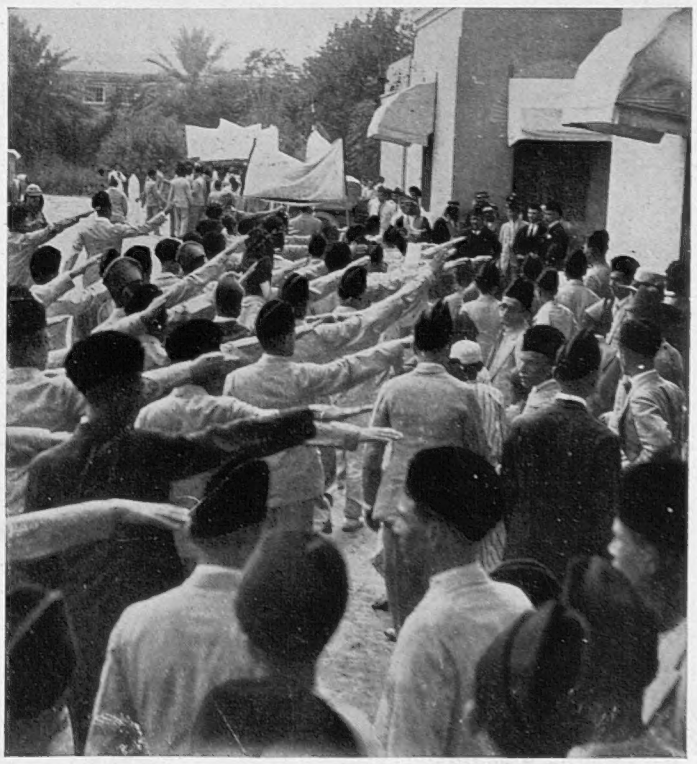
THE EMIR BECOMES KING: On August 23, 1921, after a plebiscite in his favour, the Emir Feisal formally ascended the throne. Sir Percy Cox, British High Commissioner (in white), Sir Aylmer Haldane, British C.-in-C. (in khaki), and the Nizab of Baghdad (reading an address) are seen on the dais with the King during the ceremony



WELCOMED BY HIS FORMER ENEMIES: King Feisal with Mustapha Kemal Pasha of Turkey at Cankaya, the residence of the Ghazi, during his State visit to Angora in July, 1931. By his charm of manner and great personal magnetism, Feisal did much to strengthen his country's relations with neighbouring States. In April, 1932, he visited the Persian Shah at Teheran

PEACE BY ARBITRATION: The historic meeting of King Feisal and King Ibn Saud on board H.M.S. *Lupin* in February, 1930. The joint monarchs of the Arabs held a private conference and came to an amicable agreement

OPENING OF THE IRAQ CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY: A group of deputies in the Parliament grounds at Baghdad. The occasion was marked by an eloquent speech from the King and by the election of the ex-Premier, Abdul Mouhsin Bey el Saadun, as President



IRAQ INDEPENDENT: Iraqi students saluting King Feisal at a meeting held in celebration of the new State's election in October, 1932, as a member of the League of Nations

LANDING AT KYLEAKIN: The Duke and Duchess of York being greeted on their arrival in Skye. In the distance are the ruins of Castle Maoil—the ancient fortress of the Mackinnons

The Royal Visit to Skye

The Duke and Duchess of York received a real Highland welcome when they landed this week at Kyleakin, Island of Skye, on their way to the opening of the new school hostel which has been erected at Portree, the capital, by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Apart from two incognito visits by King Edward and Prince George, this was the first official Royal visit to Skye since King James V of Scotland landed there in 1540. The Duke and Duchess, who spent the night at Dunvegan Castle, the historic home of the Macleod of Macleod, motored to Portree on Tuesday, where a large crowd from all parts of Skye and the neighbouring islands had assembled to greet them in the hostel grounds. Cameron of Lochiel, who presided at the opening ceremony, extended a hearty welcome to the Royal couple, and was followed in another brief speech by Lord Elgin, chairman of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Before inspecting the new building the Duke was presented with a gold cigarette box and the Duchess with a gold shawl brooch of ancient Celtic design as souvenirs of the occasion

A Danish Prince Weds

Left—A picture taken during last week's wedding at Fredensborg Castle, near Copenhagen, between Prince Knud, younger son of the King of Denmark, and Princess Caroline Mathilde, daughter of Prince Harald, the King's younger brother. The ceremony, which was marked by impressive simplicity, was attended by the Norwegian Crown Prince Olav and his wife, the Princess Martha, the Belgian Crown Princess Astrid, and several other members of the Royal Family. The service was broadcast throughout the country and followed by a gala dinner at the castle which lasted until late in the evening. Afterwards, and cheered by an immense throng of well-wishers who had arrived in the village from Copenhagen, the young couple left for the special house which had been prepared for them on King Christian's country estate at Lyngby. It is a matter of considerable interest that the bride, like many other members of the Danish Royal Family, was engaged in business before her marriage. There is a possibility that she may return to her work after the honeymoon. Prince Knud, who is thirty-three years old, is a lieutenant in the Danish Navy

"BRITISH WEEK" PAGEANTRY AT HELSINGFORS

THE OPENING CEREMONY IN THE SENATE SQUARE: Although the official inauguration of "British Week" took place during one of the busiest hours of the day, thousands lined the streets and gave a hearty welcome to the guard of honour and the bands of the Black Watch and H.M.S. *York*. Before the inaugural address, Mr. Sperling (the British Minister) read in Finnish a telegram of good wishes from the Prince of Wales

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS: Colonel Colville, Parliamentary Secretary to the Overseas Trade Department, speaking from the rostrum in the Senate Square, Helsingfors, at the opening of "British Week." "On the purely trade side," he said, "we cannot but be impressed by the fact that Finland is able to spend more than £17,000,000 annually in the markets of the world. We fully appreciate that your purchases from us have been increasing in the past two years, and that you are making real efforts to buy more from those who are good customers to you. This we certainly claim to be, having purchased Finnish goods to the value of over 6,000,000,000 Finnish marks in the last two-and-a-half years"

THE PIPERS OF THE BLACK WATCH received a tremendous ovation from the Helsingfors crowds, many of whom had never before seen Highlanders in full national costume

WHO BURNT THE REICHSTAG? The first meeting in the Palais de la Mutualité, Paris, of the International Commission which has been set up to investigate the recent burning of the German Parliament house

"QUELLE HEURE EST-IL?" A phrase which is likely to become obsolete in Paris now that the Eiffel Tower has been further adorned by an illuminated clock with a record diameter of 20 metres. A special system of synchronization results in a Citroën car advertisement on the face lighting up at five-minute intervals

DESERT CITIES: KANO and AGADES

Described by T. A. GLOVER

One day and a night of dusty railroad travel brings the stained traveller from Lagos on the West African Coast to the terminus and—Kano. The gateway to the desert, the native city separated from the European trading centre by a mile of soft sand, stands red and aggressive, silhouetted against the setting sun. Faint, from the distance, echoes the cry of the muezzin, calling the faithful to prayer, turbaned heads touch the dust in obeisance, beads of amber and wood are told through the rapidly moving fingers of the white-robed kneeling figures; native labourers, freed from their daily toil, hurry along making towards Kuffa Wamba, one of the many massive gates that lead into the city. Laughter is everywhere, jokes and horseplay abound; for has not the day with its sweltering heat and uncommendable labours passed, and in passing brought the cool of night, for love, laughter, and song! Yet in spite of the spontaneous merriment and irresistible faith, over all hangs that brooding, somnolent, inscrutable, pagan soul of Africa, full-breasted and real.

IN KANO MARKET: Where the native cloth vendor carries his wares on his head and plies a noisy but prosperous trade

Kano is one of the few walled cities of Africa remaining in any state of preservation. The population, numbering nearly 50,000, is mostly Hausa, black and negroid in appearance, and for the most part Muhammadan.

The huge market is a hive of bustle and industry; everybody seems to have something to sell. Added to the cries of the vendors of cloth, the bickering over prices, carried on in the natural native loudness, creates an overwhelming volume of sound that is stupefying. On Mother Earth the traders sit cross-legged, their wares spread out untidily around them; sandwiched between the junks of the world's markets, a native medicine man compounds his weird concoctions. In appearance and ingredients, "kill or cure" remedies, camel and hyena dung powdered and mixed with a few nauseating herbs to intensify their harshness, have a ready sale for stomach troubles of long standing; dried carcases of birds that have died of heaven knows what disease, jackal vomit, and sharks' teeth are, according to this phœnix of doctors, perfect preventives against illimitable ailments—what with his aphrodisiacs and other unpleasant things, combined with the mystery jargon of the conjuror, this charlatan does a thriving if dangerous business.

Like a flower garden in the wilderness, the basket market charms with its colours; baskets of every size and shape are being skilfully woven, from the size large enough to hold a man down to the little watertight basket so useful on trek. Reds, blues, greens, and yellows are blended with perfect artistry.

Languid ladies, decked out in exotic finery that suits them so well, saunter amongst the rows of smiths, regarding the "lay-out" of brass bracelets and daintily wrought silver finger rings with the same fervour as their less fortunate sisters of Bond Street. Through a maze of man-wide streets with unexpected turnings, we reach the square where the Emir's palace is situated. Bedlam has been let loose; guns roar, bugles call; natives, red-eyed and wild, shriek like devils on a spit. Horsemen madly gallop across the huge square digging their sharp, shovel-like stirrups into bleeding flanks, getting the last ounce out of their already tired steeds. Only a miracle saves the pedestrians from being pounded under the frantic hooves as, in a cloud of dust, the riders wrench the beasts back on to their haunches, with mouths bleeding and foam-flecked, torn by the cruel bits. And through it all comes the sardonic beat of the drums. Harnessed in armour and quilting of many colours, the Emir's horse frantically paws the air in an attempt to escape from its attendant grooms until, worn out with its endeavours, it placidly awaits His Majesty Trumpets ten feet long herald his coming. Young, handsome, with excellent bearing, the Emir mounts. The cavalcade proceeds, accompanied by the yelling mob crying his virtues to the skies.

It is a scene never to be forgotten—pulsating, numbing, primitive, fervent—just like in a story-book. As we wend our way out of the city surrounded by the pushing crowds, pert maidens, bright-eyed, with teeth that spell bankruptcy for the local dentists; girls, with figures all grace, try and attract our attention, their long-lashed, kohl-encircled eyes smiling invitation. Beggars, evil smelling, lewd eyed, expose festering sores for inspection, exhibiting deformities with an Eastern persistency that demands alms.

Amongst this hotchpotch of tribes we are irresistibly attracted by the graceful carriage of "the people of the veil" who, as regal as the preconception of a duchess, move through the throng, the "Tauregs," who are driving their camel caravans out of the city to commence the long journey to their homes in Aïr. And, though despised, mocked, and baited, he is feared as he passes through their ranks as magnificent as a lion amongst jackal. And in reply to the proverb, "Rid your house of rats and Tauregs," he can answer: "The village dogs bark, but the caravan goes by" unashamed!!!

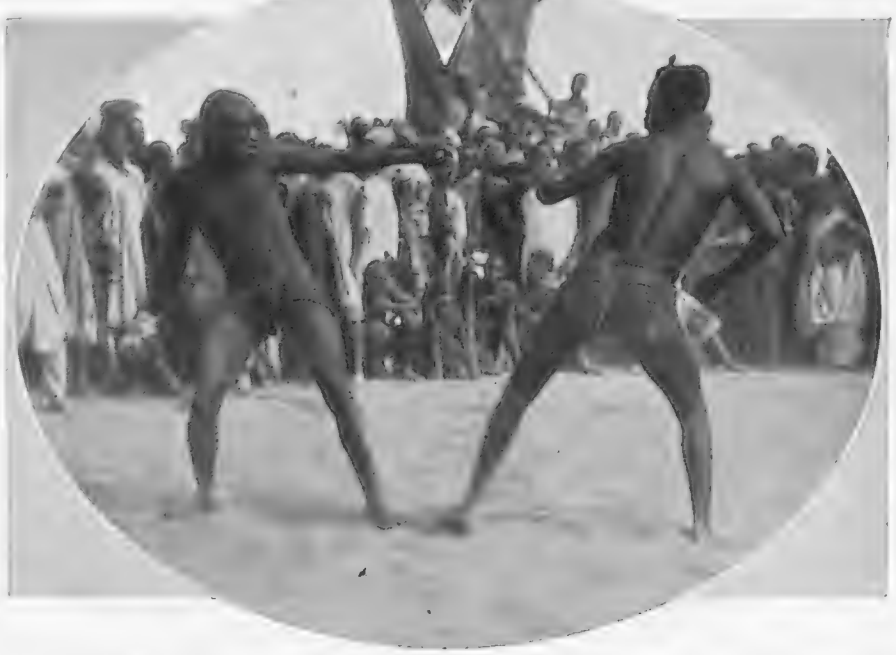
Let us gather our kit, mount our camel, and join them on the long, thirsty, thirty days' trek north to Agades, their home. But as it is better to travel than arrive, let us linger a little while and watch the sports of the Fulani, the Emir of Katsina's people, the tribe with the most beautiful women in Africa.

A MUD PALACE: The fortified entrance to the Emir of Kano's residence in the main square of the city

THE TEST OF MANHOOD: A youth of the Fulani undergoing the supreme endurance test of Dance." Calling the "Flagellation men in the crowd for the strongest and beat him with leather thongs, he will stand in the centre of an admiring circle showing not the slightest trace of pain and taunting the beaters on to further efforts

Tense silence holds the drawn circle of watchers; only the snake-like hiss of the knotted sapling descending, the dull thud as it strikes a bare body, tearing away the flesh, is heard. We are watching the famous flagellation dance of the cattle Fulani. This ceremony is peculiar to the pagan Fulani only, who are cattle herders, nomadic, an offshoot of the Fulani proper. All the maidens of the tribe are gathered here to admire, and inspire the young men in this the most curious endurance test ever known. If, as the lash strikes the body, the victim winces or does not smile, he is not considered of the brave, the courageous; the more strokes a man can take the greater the admiration he receives.

A handsome Fulani youth, symmetric as a Greek god, enters the arena. Time and time again the lash descends, whining its song of cruelty, encircling the soft body in its vicious embrace, tearing channels across back and ribs. Blood-streaked and lacerated he stands there smiling, calling for the strongest men in the crowd to come forward and beat him, defying them to hurt him, taunting them on with sarcasm and sneers to wipe the smile from his face, whilst the women throw their beads and other tokens in a frenzy of admiration, crooning and chanting in ecstatic worship. Such is the intense enthusiasm of an African crowd, it is difficult not to be affected by it. We find ourselves throwing gifts to this slender Fulani youth whose display of courage and endurance is one of the most marvellous things we have ever seen.



A FAVOURITE PASTIME OF THE FULANI: A one-handed boxing match in progress. The men's right fists are tightly bound with rope and cloth, and their blows are so powerful and so indiscriminate that they frequently prove fatal

After this valiant exhibition, the wrestling and boxing appear tame. In spite of fists covered with pieces of rope and cloth that rip as they land, one challenger with a chest that an old male gorilla would be envious of takes the ring and, with a bellow of "O-shan-ah" that shakes the surrounding country, offers to take on all comers. But as he has killed three men in combat, he finds it a little difficult to get opponents, until one native surreptitiously creeps up behind him and, leaping like an impalla, lands round his neck. Nor were all his efforts to dislodge him successful. Roar and protest as he would, stamp and punch as he may, the swinging victim of intrepidity still held his frantic clutch. It was only after being assured by several members of the audience that the fight was over that he did release his grip, and permit them to lead him safely away, much to the disgust of the man-killer.

In the cold chill of the African dawn we begin our last trek to Agades. Wavering in the haze, the town seemed to recede with each forward stride of our weary camels. At last we reach it, nestled within sight of the foothills of the Air mountains.

(Continued on p. 464)

TWO CHANCELLORS in SEARCH of REST: Dr. Dollfuss Goes to the Fair—Herr Hitler in the Bavarian Mountains

DR. DOLLFUSS EN FAMILLE: In his rare leisure moments the Austrian Chancellor is a very human personality and delights to spend with his wife and family what time he can afford from his exacting official duties. His plucky defence of Austrian independence this summer has been a severe strain, and, now that matters have to some extent quietened down, he is at last able to take things a little more easily. These three pictures come from Wieselburg, where he took his children recently to enjoy the fun of the local agricultural fair. *Left*—A gendarme shows Master Dollfuss the sights. *Centre*—The Chancellor in holiday mood. *Right*—Master Dollfuss shows his skill in a "Dodge 'em"

IN LIGHTER MOOD: Herr Hitler greeting a party of campers at his mountain retreat in the Bavarian Alps. A significant feature of the Chancellor's holiday was his proximity to the Austrian border which, as the world knows, he is looking beyond with more than idle curiosity

WORK BEFORE PLAY: Chancellor Hitler spends a morning in the garden of his mountain retreat dealing with the mass of correspondence which keeps him busy even when on holiday. His young Nazi secretary is standing beside him

FRÄULEIN DOLLFUSS: The Austrian Chancellor's daughter goes for a ride at Wieselburg Agricultural Fair. She bears a close resemblance to her father

b 2

WHEN LONDON SHIPS GO SEA

The Passing
the Tidew

DOWN RIVER

Where fussing tugs and sailing barges lend a picturesque note to London's river highway

WITH THE SETTING SUN

GRACE AND SPEED

A striking picture of one of the latest of the P. and O. liners making her way up the Thames near Tilbury

THE WHITE-HULLED "STRATHNAVER"

CATCHING THE TIDE

The tug, *Chester Cock*, towing a cargo vessel into the river in time to make her downward run on the ebb tide

THE "WANDERER" SETS OUT

'WARD

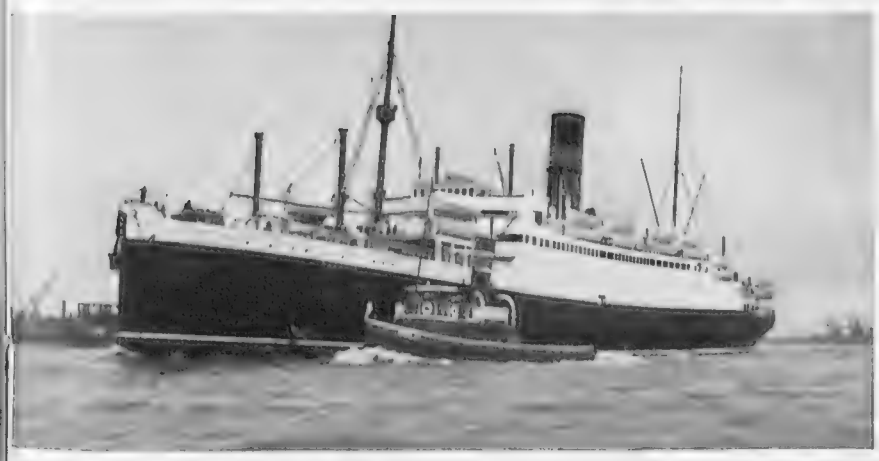
Pageant of y's Traffic

OUTWARD BOUND

The Red Star liner, *Lapland*, leaving the Tilbury stage as she sails toward the estuary and the sea

FROM TILBURY

IN GALLIONS REACH: The grey-hulled Commonwealth liner, *Port Melbourne*



A CUNARDER SETS OUT: The S.S. *Ascania* passes Tilbury

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on your plates;
Go, get you into London with the burden of your freights!
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek,
The Lights of England sent you and by silence shall ye speak!

"The Coastwise Lights"—RUDYARD KIPLING.

"By ships we live!" is the motto of the Port of London. As to the number, variety, and magnificence of the ships using London you will gain a matchless object lesson by going down to Tilbury. The rulers of the river are the Port of London Authority and, as it chances, that august body owns the Tilbury Hotel whose terrace is as good as a royal box for watching the pageant of the tideway traffic. A couple of hours there on a sunny afternoon in summer, with big ships and little ships speeding down on the ebb, will give a sight not easily forgotten. There by the passenger landing stage on our left is the Red Star Line's *Lapland*, a study in black and white throughout. Click! The camera catches her as the Lower Hope and open water beckon in the distance. Even as we have been watching her, the P. & O. *Strathnaver* slides into view past the curving cargo jetty westward and is abeam speedily. What a contrast with the *Lapland!* Her masts seem insignificant, but the three buff funnels atop the long, low, white hull enhance the suggestion of speed. The *Lapland* is a stately matron in black, the *Strathnaver* a fast young thing not easy to keep pace with. All the same, our camera catches her across the causeway from the hotel terrace.

Meantime quite a number of the little fellows have scurried by—the coasters, the short sea-trading boats, a collier or two, and a graceful, white-hulled Mediterranean fruiter. Save this last, the others are dingy enough; unspectacular though useful. All doing their bit towards London's yearly 55,000,000 tons in and out. Across the pierhead of Tilbury Basin I see the masts of another big fellow coming down. Bit unusual that, nowadays—four pole masts. Ah, pinky funnel with black top; the Bibby Line *Cheshire*, off East through the Canal for Rangoon.

Are these two racing? A pair of tall ships swing into view on the strong ebb, hasting to the sea almost side by side. Pilots and skippers are men too wise to race in the river. The proximity of the steamers is a chance affair. Nor are they sister ships even though both have bulky red funnels with black tops. You may know the *Port Melbourne*, Commonwealth Line, by her grey hull and the Cunarder *Ascania* by her black hull: the one for New Zealand and the other a regular North Atlantic trader. Accompanying tugs look like competent terriers whose business is to snap at any potential interferer with their masters. For ship-watching on London river the Tilbury Hotel terrace has no equal. I sat there a whole afternoon not long ago and counted seventy-three ships pass—sixty-five outward and eight inward. And that made no account of sailing barges or the Gravesend Ferry.—A. G. Linney.

A NETWORK OF HIGH-PRESSURE HOSE LINES laid to the scene of a serious East-end fire

FIRE!—OR IS IT ARSON?

The Vital Question which, in its Own Interests, every Insurance Company Must Answer Before the Settlement of a Claim —Some Likely Repercussions of the Leopold Harris Case

BY CHARLES GRAVES

Great is the stolidity of the insurance world. You would have thought that the Leopold Harris case, with the arch villain still breathing fire and slaughter from his cell, would have been enough to upset the big companies a good deal. Not a bit of it. Of course they are "relieved," but that is all to which they will admit. And yet the work of Mr. Crocker, the solicitor who was in charge of all the preliminary investigations, has been a real public service. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been stolen from the public by the firebugs. After all, the whole idea of insurance is the formation of a common pool from which the losses of contributors must be paid, which signifies that anyone who obtains compensation from that pool to which he is not legally entitled is a sheer robber. Arson is not, of course, an innovation, and when trade is bad statistics prove that it is regrettably on the increase. Even in good times it is a fact that, though you can find a market for almost anything, practically no big insurance company will insure furriers. This is a fearful condemnation of a complete industry. Yet there you are. The insurance companies say that the moral risk is too high. If you talk to any insurance man this phrase will continually crop up in his conversation. It is a nice way of saying that the client is a —— well, you know what I mean.

In the Leopold Harris case more than one reference was made to fires in which furs were involved, and for some years fire insurance companies and underwriters have been distinctly suspicious that some gang was at the back of a number of fires. Harris the claim maker, as he was called, was known to all the leading fire insurance companies. But it was not until Capsoni turned on his friends that the vastness of the conspiracy was revealed.

Fire insurance goes back to the beginning of the eighteenth century. The earliest example I have ever seen, outside the private offices of big companies, is the 3,706th policy of the Sun Insurance Company at the Chequers Inn in Steyning. It was dated September 26, 1776, and was a policy for a year against fire risks. To-day the county of London alone is insured for £2,300,000,000, a figure that can only be thought of in terms of war debts.

In the Great Fire of London the estimated damage was £10,000,000. There is a moral in this. Fire insurance has increased by leaps and bounds to keep pace with the development of industry. Its complexity and magnitude are prodigious. One company alone carries £300,000,000 worth of insurance in the county of London. Compare that with 1666! Another statistic to show the importance of fire insurance is the figure of £1,035,000 at which the Institution of Fire Engineers estimate the direct loss from reported fires in Great Britain and Ireland for August alone! And this fire bill is slightly below that for the preceding month. All told, the loss by fire since the beginning of the year is now nearly £8,000,000.

For bills of this sort to be met easily it means that practically everyone in the country, whether tradesman or private resident, who has £100 worth of furniture, pays insurance premiums. That these are normally very low is indisputable. The private house insurance is only 1s. 6d. a hundred. Then come greengrocers' shops, butchers', and so on at 2s. a hundred. Altogether there are several hundred varieties of insurance, the fair rates for which have all been worked out by statistics over a period of years. There is no random guessing in a big insurance company.

Thus, the normal rate for a draper's establishment is 3s. 6d. a hundred pounds, while that of a cycle shop, where no paraffin is stored, is 2s. 6d. This rate can be "loaded" to 4s. 6d. or 5s. if paraffin is kept there. The thatch on the roof of a private house will bring the premium up to 5s. from 1s. 6d. Tailors get off at a shilling less than drapers with 2s. 6d. a hundred. All these have been worked out from previous figures. The head of the fire insurance department of the company which gave me these figures told me that his particular company does not insure flour mills, heavy saw mills, calico print works, oil manufacturers, furniture makers or marine store dealers. This is simply a matter of caution. It is considered that the risks are too big for the profits to be worth while. As I say, you can get a market for anything, and even in these instances an exception is occasionally made. But that is the general trend. In the same way this company declines to insure large country houses. It is no reflection on the owners. It is merely caused by the knowledge that the modernizing and re-wiring of these stately homes often lead to a fire, and very often the water is far away, and so is the nearest fire brigade.

The head of the claims department of this firm was not as cynical as I expected him to be. "It is true," he said, "that surprisingly few clients who have had a fire ever seem to pay less than 7 or 8 guineas for a suit of clothes, and if a carpet is burnt it nearly always turns out to be a brand new Axminster. The only thing that ever seems to be old is the furniture, whereas I'd almost faint if anyone told me that their burnt carpet was second-hand. All the same the public is very honest on the whole. They are rather inclined to string up their bill sometimes because they expect to be knocked down in their claims by the assessor. But that is perhaps because a lot of them think that the assessor is probably paid a percentage on the amount he saves the company by reducing the price at which they will finally settle. Needless to say, there is no such arrangement between us and the assessor.

"Do we ever suspect fraud? Well, quite often we may feel some doubt, but usually it is nothing more than a suggestion of undue carelessness. Too many people leave the electric iron switched on, and sometimes an unnecessary number of coals seem to fall out of the fireplace. But 'unknown' is far and away the most regular reason given for an outbreak of fire. This may be largely for want of a better excuse, though cigarettes and matches negligently dropped are often suggested as a possibility. And you have no idea how careless servants can be. Twice in the past few months I have had cases of housemaids lighting the fire with petrol because they are too lazy to fix the kindling properly."

Yes, fire insurance has grown very complicated in recent years. Take, for example, garage proprietors who wanted to insure the cars of their clients while in their garages. This has been satisfactorily settled at a rate of one-third the usual cost, the average value of a car (unless otherwise stated) being assessed at £300. Not long ago policies for "consequential loss of profits" used to be positively loathed by insurance companies on account of "excessive moral hazard"; now they are very much sought after. Other extensions of fire policies include clauses for protecting clients against sabotage after a fire. This is obviously a very sound and desirable extra protection for which the public is glad to pay. Another one which can be included in an ordinary fire insurance is against an aeroplane falling on your house. This costs the vast sum of a penny per cent., and is very popular.

Speaking generally, the standard of construction nowadays is very much better than it used to be, and fire-fighting methods have been greatly improved. There is not a fire brigade in the world to compare with those in the great English cities. On the other hand, the processes of manufacture have become much more complicated and there are many more hazards than there used to be. One can instance cellulose painting as a particularly good

(Continued on p. 464)

FIRE DOWN BELOW: The brigade arrives in time to deal with an outbreak from a coal cellar

ABOYNE GAMES: H.M.S. "HERMES" REFITS

PULLING HIS WEIGHT: A remarkable portrayal of physical strength in an action picture from Aboyne Highland Games. Mr. A. J. Stuart, of Glenlivet, is throwing the ringed 56 lb. weight

A FLOATING AERODROME: The aircraft carrier, *Hermes*, which returned to England from the China station in July, leaving Sheerness for the Devonport yards where she is to undergo extensive repairs at an estimated cost of over £100,000. The *Hermes*, which has a displacement of 10,950 tons and a normal complement of 664, was begun under the Emergency War Programme and was the first vessel expressly designed by the Admiralty as an aircraft carrier. One of her transporter cranes can be seen on the right

SOCIAL LIFE IN INDIA: At a dance of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots at Quetta

WHITE PAPER WONDERS

What the Indian will Do when Freed from British Influence — The Purely Personal Ideals of the Oriental

By C. R. HANDLEY

A short while ago I found myself in a small hill station in the Central Provinces, used by the very small white population of a sixty-mile-distant civil station as a hot weather resort.

Its roads and gardens have been reclaimed from the very heart of tiger infested jungles. A traveller's bungalow and a "Circuit House," for use by civil servants on tours of inspection, besides some half-dozen private bungalows, comprised the entire settlement.

During the winter months, apart from a week of Christmas picnics, this small hill village is uninhabited by the British, and it is in those few months that *full proof* may be found, by *anyone who likes to go there*, of what the Indian will do freed from white influence and supervision.

The rest housekeeper, paid lavishly by the Government for his superintendence of the bungalows' cleanliness and readiness for travellers' needs, becomes a savage once more. The place is allowed to rot and decay for all *he* cares. His pay is regular, yet no sense of responsibility disturbs his slumbers. Only on the advent of a letter announcing some European arrival is this spell of the Orient broken—and he rouses himself to spasmodic effort. Only according, be it said, to the prestige of the impending visitors. An "Indian civil servant sahib" means a lot of cleaning. A "doctor sahib," "padré sahib," or "pulton sahib" (army officer), unless known to be friendly with the local civil servant, *none at all!*

Europeans unused to the Oriental mind would find it hard to believe what lack of constant Western supervision means in the East. The cook-house of this particular dâk bungalow of which I speak (one of a thousand such), after three months on its own, during the monsoon, had reached a state incredibly filthy and hard to believe possible in so short a time. We found our meals were being cooked in the presence of at least half-a-dozen of the cook's diseased and dying relatives, gathered in to live on the high salary paid him by *our* Public Works Department for his great responsibilities (?) and constant service.

THE "LITTLE WAR" ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: A transport column fording the river which flows over the new road at Dand. Two brigades of British Indian troops—from Peshawar and Nowshera—passed this way during their march against the rebel tribes

Those yet capable of action, though shaking with fever and consumed with vermin and various indescribable diseases, had been pressed into the preparation of meat and vegetables for our evening meal, *on the floor*. Scrofulous pi-dogs crept in and out scavenging for carelessly discarded refuse, whilst all the children of the servants' quarters, riddled with dysentery most of them, squatted unhindered in horrifying proximity to the kitchen door.

The cook himself utterly refused either to wash or don cleaner clothing. He was half-witted, verminous, and filthy, yet with the falling prestige of the white race, and our own concerted efforts to instil democracy into the Dravidian mind, he had full power to expel *any* persons, no matter *what* their rank or class, should they fail to comply (no matter what the cause, *however* reasonable!) with his immediate demand for one day's rent. A notice to this effect decorated the main room wall.

Moreover, in this place of which I write one's very freedom was in the hands of the Indian. Fundamentally antipathetic, and delighted at any chance to use his authority against the once white masters; never let us forget that! Insubordination was rife. The system of bribery and inter-relationship, welded and indestructible though only spasmodic, so thoroughly discouraged supervision, that each black link in the chain of Indian authority was more corrupt than the last.

Neither redress nor justice was possible under these circumstances. Yet so far had Indianization gone, so thoroughly had it done its work, that even our friendship with the 60-mile distant Deputy Commissioner availed us nothing.

As he explained to us later, the word of a coloured man, no matter how low, how corrupt, how evil, is as good as that of the highest white man in the land, nowadays, in the eyes of the law in India. And the local Dravidian minions of the law have full authority to treat both alike.

Call it Democracy if you will, *they* merely see in it an opportunity to further themselves. A purely personal ideal is the only one understood by an Oriental. Only what will further "myself," "my family," "my salary," and "my home." This hardly stretches to my village, far less, with a decimal exception, my country.

Grasping with both hands their new-found, unsupervised authority, so that they may instal whenever possible their relatives, however incompetent, in well-paid positions; meanwhile lining their own pockets with the continual stream of bribes which no Oriental can comprehend the refusal of, or reason for so doing.

Arguing that through bribery and influence (as well as work) he has attained his present position, and therefore he sees no reason why he, in turn, should not remunerate himself whilst assisting the same well-meant endeavours of his poorer brethren.

Only the *presence* of white men up to date (ruefully acknowledged by the Indian as unbribable!) have made these services what they are.

BRINGING UP SUPPLIES: The long transport column making its way through difficult country in support of the British troops in action on the North-West Frontier. This picture was brought to London by air mail

BAVARIA'S PEASANT ARISTOCRACY

THE MATRIARCH: A peasant woman of Bavaria whose family has lived in the Klaffenbacherhof district for more than 300 years. The series of pictures on this page illustrates typical Bavarian types who, in spite of Nazi domination, still continue to live and work in comparative contentment.

DRESSED IN HER BEST: A Bavarian peasant girl in her richly embroidered holiday costume. The women delight in making dresses of a particularly intricate pattern

THE SATURDAY FRY: A Bavarian householder preparing the dumplings which, from time immemorial, have been one of the staple dishes of the peasantry

THE INN is always a great centre of activity on Sunday mornings when the farming folk come into the villages to discuss their problems over a tankard of the local brew

BED-TIME: The three youngest members of the Vorderland family which has lived in Lenggries since 1782. In the village the head of the family is still called "head gamekeeper" as his ancestors were employed in this capacity by the Counts of Hohenberg who once owned the local castle

VORDERGRABER AND LANGERBAUER: The descendants of two Bavarian families who have owned land in the Lenggries district since the early part of the seventeenth century

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION: Maids of honour riding to the wedding ceremony with their male escorts. The occasion was the recent marriage in the Camargue of the daughter of the Marquis de Baroncelli and Monsieur Aubanel

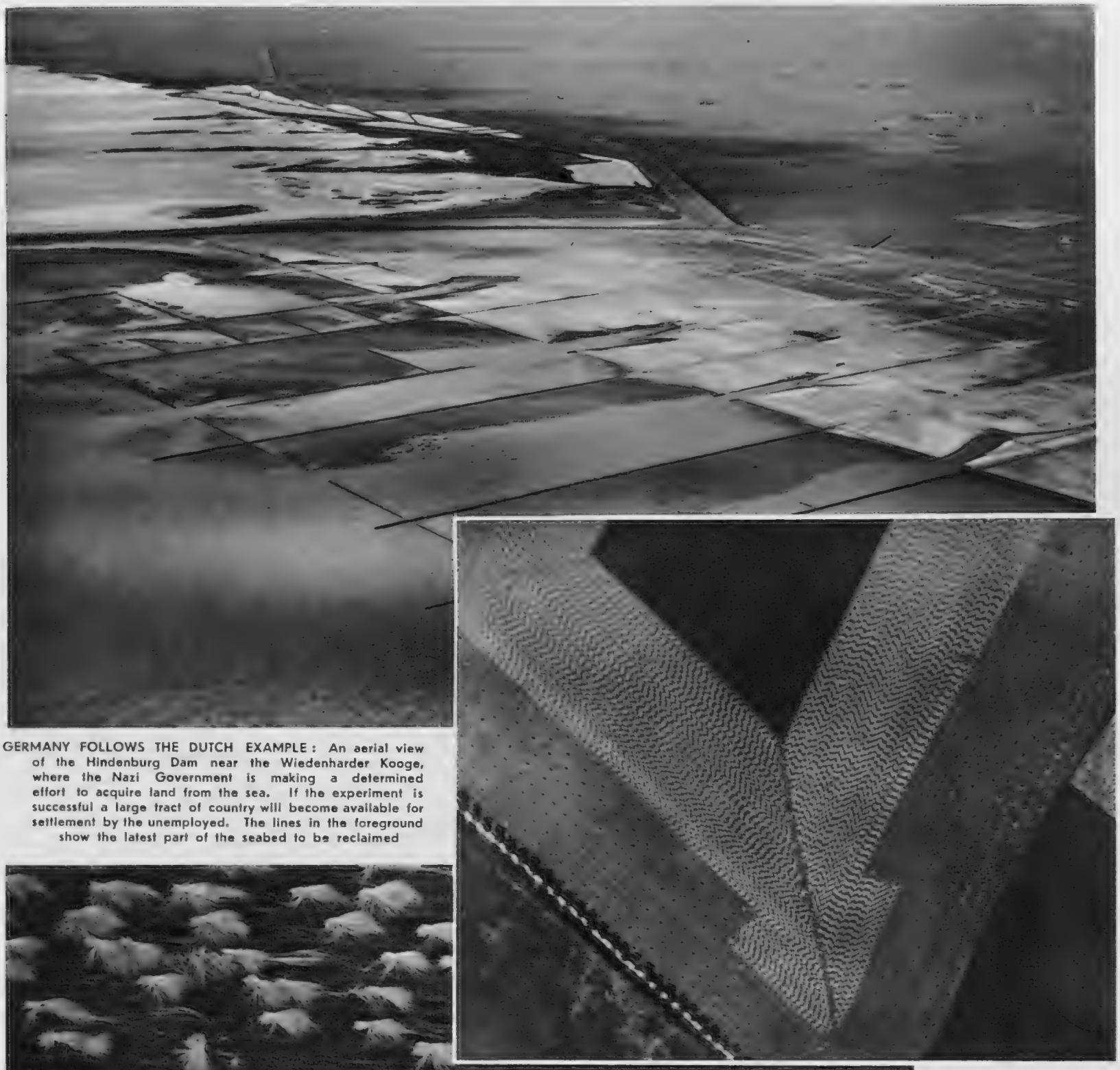
MAIDS OF HONOUR preparing to set out for the dance which followed the morning's wedding ceremony

MARRIAGE IN PROVENCE

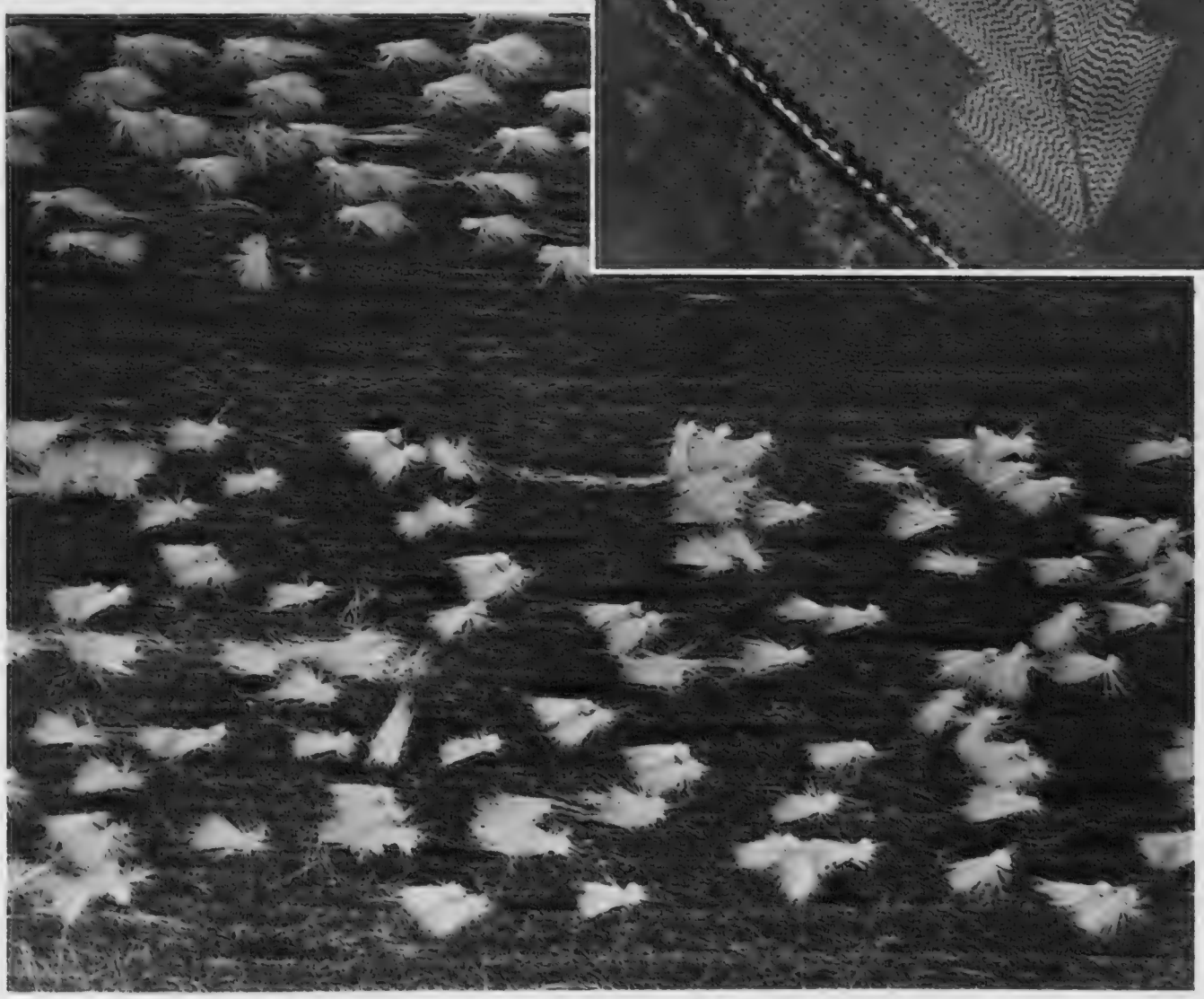
PILLION RIDING, OLD STYLE: Friends of the bride attired in picturesque costume provide a pageant-like escort for the bridal pair. The riders carry long staves decorated with colourful flags

A BOUQUET FOR THE BRIDE: A mounted member of the wedding escort pays his respects to the bride and hands her the traditional offering of flowers

LAND RECLAMATION IN GERMANY: Some Remarkable Harvest Pictures from the Air



GERMANY FOLLOWS THE DUTCH EXAMPLE: An aerial view of the Hindenburg Dam near the Wiedenharder Kooge, where the Nazi Government is making a determined effort to acquire land from the sea. If the experiment is successful a large tract of country will become available for settlement by the unemployed. The lines in the foreground show the latest part of the seabed to be reclaimed



FROM A NEW ANGLE: A remarkable harvest picture of a German grainfield taken from the gondola of an almost stationary balloon. The dark triangle in the background is all that remains of the standing crop, while the centre, and lighter, patch shows the corn immediately after mowing. In the outer triangle the sheaves have been stacked

HAVOC IN THE CORNFIELD: Another picture from a balloon showing the result of a severe gale on the stacked crop

GLIDING IN SCOTLAND: A member of the Strathearn Gliding Club, Crieff, Perthshire, leaving the ground at the start of a short flight. On this occasion the wind was too gusty for long-distance work, but several novices gave a good account of themselves in "skid glides"

IN NAZILAND: Members of a German club hauling their craft up the slope of Berlin's gliding aerodrome at Ahrensdorf. The sport continues to be extremely popular on the Continent

MISS WIGGINGTON, of Southsea, one of Britain's first woman gliders, seen at the start of a short flight at Wymering, near Portsmouth

A NEW RECORD HOLDER: Mr. G. E. Collins in the cockpit of his glider

TAKING OFF: Mr. G. E. Collins starting on a practice flight over Dunstable Downs. He recently set up a new British gliding record when he took off from Dunstable at 10.45 a.m. and landed at Bignell Corner, near Barnet, at 2.30 p.m. The distance covered was approximately twenty-two miles

AVIATION WITHOUT EXPENSE

In the Gliding World To-day

By C. D. PALMER

Gliding has been practised for many years in Germany and has been studied as a science to improve aerodynamic design, and to gain knowledge of air conditions as well as from a sporting aspect. Germany, through this intensive study of the subject, has hitherto been supreme in the design of gliders and the performances of her pilots, but recently England has made great strides forward, and two British craft *Scud II* and *The Crested Wren* have been built which can compete with the best German productions. Both these machines have been flying near Dunstable, where the London Gliding Club have their headquarters.

The Dunstable Downs, where the gliding is carried out, face west and north-west, and being high and steep are excellently suited for both gliding and soaring. Here westerly winds are the most favourable, striking the face of the downs and causing the up-currents necessary for soaring flight.

There is a great fascination about "Sailplaning," as it is sometimes called. The beginner, from the first short, straight glides, will go on step by step until he has learnt to soar in the up-currents. Every flight will be a new experience, and a competition against himself to try and better his last performance. At last he will be soaring high above the downs, not deafened by the roar of an engine, but in silence except for the whistling of the wires, and dependent for keeping aloft, not on the reliability of his engine, but on his own skill, experience and knowledge of the air. He is spared the heavy charges for training and he has no petrol and oil bills to meet. The whole business is ridiculously cheap in comparison, and apart from the club subscription costs only three shillings or so for each day's gliding.

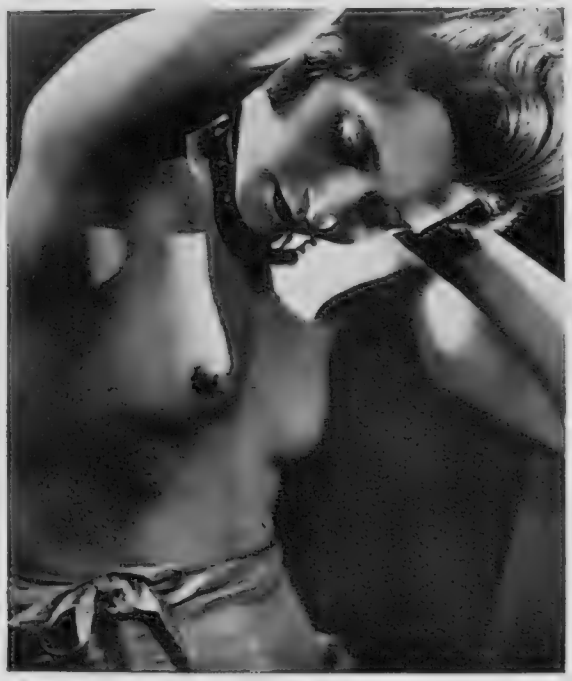
Gliding is neither dangerous nor unduly difficult. It has the supreme advantage of cheapness, and so opens for those of small means a doorway to the knowledge of the air which the high cost of powered flight keeps barred. It is an attractive and exciting sport, but to those who intend to take up aeroplane piloting it will give valuable air experience, and train the eye and hand to this unfamiliar element. It should shorten the period of dual instruction, and if in this way gliding saves some of the high instruction fees which a budding aeroplane pilot must face then it will have amply repaid his time and trouble.

Many of the members of the London Gliding Club are proficient at soaring in the wind currents and quite long flights both in time and distance have been made; but now they are learning a new technique. The club has arranged for Herr Wolf Hirth, the famous German glider pilot, who recently flew 99 miles from the Wasserkuppe to Silbitz, and who has vast experience of using thermal currents and the currents beneath clouds for soaring, to come over from Germany and to give instruction on how to use these currents. English gliding enthusiasts are going forward with energy towards better design, and with ever-increasing experience are slowly but surely improving on their past performances. They should gain great benefit from Herr Hirth's experience and knowledge of the upward air currents caused by clouds and varying temperatures.

THE ART of the CAMERA: Exhibits of the Royal Photographic Society and the London Salon of Photography

GENTOO PENGUIN FEEDING FULL-GROWN YOUNG: An entertaining nature study photograph, by A. Saunders, now on view at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. The penguin has to stand on a rock to reach the chick's mouth

"SOJIN," BY WILLIAM MORTENSEN: An unusual character study from the International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography now in progress at 5a, Pall Mall East



"RETRATO," BY RAMON BATTLES: A striking nude study from the London Salon of Photography

"POSE PLASTIQUE," BY MARY HADDON: A study in contours from the London Salon

"CUP OF COFFEE STRIKING THE FLOOR": An interesting spark photograph from the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. Exposure 1/75,000th part of a second

Left — "Clear Road" by John H. Ahern, and, *right* — "Side Walk" by J. M. Paynton. These two pictures are now on view at the International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography

"WATER FLOWING INTO A MILK BOTTLE": Another spark photograph taken from the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition. The stop used is f.16, but the precise method is not disclosed

DESCENDANTS OF THE INCAS: Women of the once powerful Lengua tribe whose facial features clearly indicate their relationship with the lost Inca race. To-day these people have lapsed into barbarism, and have no idea that their ancestors lived any other life but that of fishers and hunters on the Chaco plains

OFFICERS OF THE PARAGUAYAN ARMY: Members of one of the crack cavalry regiments in full dress. The rank and file are mostly of Indian blood, but the officers are largely of Spanish descent

PARAGUAY'S EFFICIENT BUT DIMINISHING ARMY: Members of the Artillery Corps engaged in depleted the National forces, and it has been estimated that at least 50,000 have either bee

War in the "Green Hell." That is what lies behind the brief cables telling of the conflict between Bolivia and Paraguay. In a large triangular area of swamps, plains, forests and streams, men in tattered uniforms and shaken with fever are sniping each other in the fury of desperation. And Englishmen, many Englishmen, are fighting against each other in the rival armies. Both Bolivia and Paraguay lay claim to this region known as the Chaco. It is the debatable frontier line of these two South American countries, and for the past ten years shaky Governments have found this dispute a convenient torch for firing patriotism against a supposed foreign danger.

It is a detestable jungle region in which this war is taking place. But the mixed breed of South Americans are able to exist and even exploit the jungle.

In previous years the battles in the Chaco have been skirmishes between men with old-fashioned rifles. For some time now the international gun-runners have turned their attention to this war in the "Green Hell," and both armies are excellently equipped with aeroplanes, heavy artillery, and even tanks. Moreover, both Bolivia and Paraguay have been embarrassed by offers of help from those fighting men of fortune who come from England and Germany.

The ordinary soldiers are chiefly of Indian blood. More of them die of disease than of bullets. In these steaming tropical forests they quickly contract fever and galloping

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THE GREEN HELL

ed Bolivia are Engaged in a Death Struggle er the Waste Lands of the Gran Chaco

gaged in gun drill at Asuncion. The long-drawn-out war with Bolivia has sadly either been killed in action or died of fever in the steaming tropical forests

nsumption. Food and supplies along such a line of communications area lmost impossible. he hospital tents are short of anæsthetics, and the wounded soldiers stoically chew coca ves while the surgeons work. The Bolivian Army possesses a German Commander-in-ief, General Kundt. But for some time his popularity has been on the wane. One his bravest officers was Lieutenant William Lockhart, a Londoner, who was killed in he this year by Paraguayan troops while driving a tank.

It was during a battle for Fort Acre, one of the fifty wooden forts erected in the aco. The Paraguayans had lost 300 killed by tanks and machine guns. Lockhart, o was in command of one of the death-dealing tanks, was compelled to leave it because temperature inside was so hot. As soon as Lockhart stepped out he was shot down a Paraguayan sniper from a machine-gun nest.

General Kundt has introduced several other Germans to his headquarters staff. Paraguay aliated by introducing French officers. But the Paraguayans have one complete itish cavalry regiment known as "Smith's Light Horse." It is commanded by Colonel ederick Smith, and is chiefly composed of many Paraguayan sons of Britishers.

Their crowning achievement was a wild charge on the Yucra Road, where they hacked ir way through the reinforcements of the Bolivian 14th Infantry Regiment at the siege

(*Continued on p. 462*)

Above—A LENGUA INDIAN WOMAN OF THE GRAN CHACO: A member of one of the indigenous tribes round whose homes the Bolivian-Paraguayan war is now waging with increased fervour. *Left*—The Indian people of Bolivia still continue to practise the communism of the lost Inca civilization. The crops are grown co-operatively and divided out at harvest time. This picture shows threshing in progress

FIESTA DAY IN OFSORATA: Bolivians in picturesque national dress preparing to take part in one of the holiday dances

A TRIBESMAN OF THE CHACO: In addition to the marked Quichua features of many of the Chaco Indians, their descent from the lost Inca race is also emphasized in their unusual type of headgear. Before the beginning of the Paraguayan-Bolivian war these people were completely isolated from the outside world

BRITONS IN AMERICA: Heather Angel and Bramwell Fletcher snapped on a Hollywood tennis court. Miss Angel has just scored another success in Frank Lloyd's film version of *Berkeley Square*, in which she plays opposite another Englishman in Leslie Howard

STARS IN THE SUN: Florence Desmond, Lupe Velez, and Johnny Weissmuller near the swimming pool in Miss Velez's Beverley Hills home. J. W., who has won thirty-nine amateur swimming championships and was the outstanding performer at the 1924 and 1928 Olympic Games, is now at work on a sequel to his successful film *Tarzan*

IN TIME

A Glimpse of Life Among the Stars

By R. V. C. BUCKLEY

Studios may cut salaries and bank crashes swallow up hard-earned savings, but Hollywood goes on working and enjoying life, although a simple one.

To-day in the studios they are producing just as fine spectacles, such as *Cavalcade*, but with much less wanton extravagance. Costly "sets" are often left up for use in future productions and "Trafalgar Square" still stands out in the blazing Californian sun at Fox studios where they made the famous Coward picture.

The great stars themselves, who even in pre-depression times seldom led the lurid lives attributed to them by the bulk of the outside world, to-day live extremely simply. Maybe they will take a beach bungalow for the summer and when not working spend the days in sun bathing, games of medicine ball on the sands, tennis on some neighbour's hard court, with now and then a few friends in to dine informally.

In the big homes of Hollywood and Beverley Hills, owned by such people as the Clive Brooks, Harold Lloyds, and Marion Davies, they lead an almost English country existence: tennis parties, swimming in their private pools, tea and home-made cakes, and dinners for eight with bridge after or friendly conversation on the veranda. The talk will be generally about films, for Hollywood is a town of work, and that grim struggle, sometimes even for the highest, to keep in it.

Some play golf at the Lakeside Club behind the sunburnt Beverley Hills, motor down to one of the popular beach clubs, and occasionally in a burst of gaiety don a dinner jacket for some formal dinner party, to visit the Cocoanut Grove dance restaurant at the Ambassadors Hotel in Los Angeles, or for the opening night of a big new film. Hardly a hectic Hollywood, is it?

Stars who do not own houses in Hollywood rent one of the many attractive little white and red Spanish villas or stay in an apartment house such as "the Garden of Allah," or the "Château Elysée," that have architecture and gardens in keeping with their names.

Adjoining the great city of Los Angeles, Hollywood is, as it were, a garden suburb, yet housing one of the greatest industries in the United States. There is a glamour about the place, for one may pass Lupe Velez in her giant car speeding down some palm-lined boulevard, or meet Jean Harlow, Ruth Roland, or Elizabeth Allan doing their morning shopping at some open-air fruit market, or on going into one of the many "health clubs" find Edmund Lowe having a Turkish bath or Johnny Weissmuller playing a game of squash.

For those who desire to make "whoopee" there is, of course, opportunity as in every city in the world, but Hollywood is mostly hard at work, often doing charitable deeds for those "down and out," or trying to keep fit for the gruelling hours spent in front of cameras—that never lie. To-day they are happy practising new economies and entertaining simply.

AT PLAZA DEL REY: An original picture of Greta Kelher, the popular radio star, taken through the window of her beach house at the Pacific coast resort where she has been taking a brief holiday with her husband

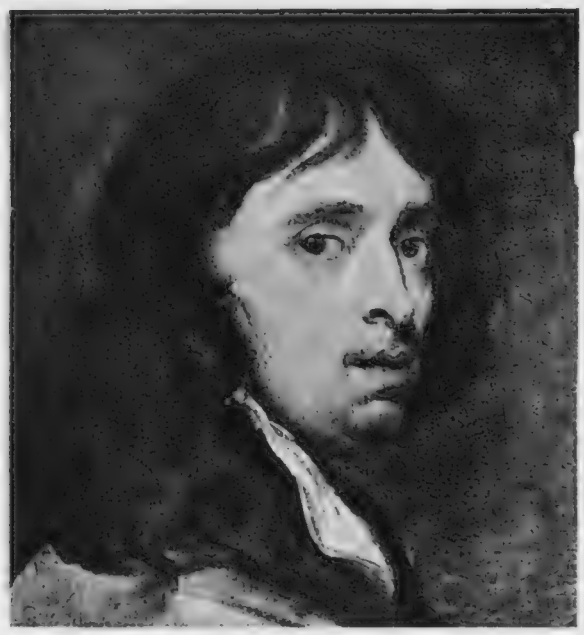
A BRITISH FIND: Miss Elizabeth Allan seen outside the beach house she and her husband have taken at Plaza del Rey. Her new picture, *Looking Forward*, is the American version of *Service*, that entertaining drama of life behind the scenes in a great departmental store

TRAFALGAR SQUARE IN HOLLYWOOD: The plaster model of the Nelson Monument which Fox Studios built for the Armistice scenes in the screen version of *Cavalcade*

LIVING AMONG HER VICTIMS: Florence Desmond, popular mimic of the stars, seen in Hollywood with Phillips Holmes

ART: A Da Vinci Discovery—An Antoine Pesne Exhibition

GERMANY HONOURS A GREAT PAINTER: In celebration of the 250th anniversary of Antoine Pesne, an outstanding artist of the Rococo period, the directors of the State Castles and Gardens have gathered together in an exhibition at the Old Royal Palace, Berlin, some excellent examples of his portraiture. The work has been in the hands of Dr. Hildebrandt, Curator of the Hohenzollern Museum. *Left*—Crown Prince Frederick (afterwards Frederick the Great). *Right*—One of the exhibition rooms at the Royal Palace showing Antoine Pesne's portraits of Princess Auguste Wilhelmine of Prussia, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and the family of Count Borke, one-time tutor to the Prussian Court



A VAN DYCK FOR 10s.: This portrait by the Flemish master, which, unwittingly, was sold for a record low price is now on exhibition at Birmingham Art Gallery

AN AUTHENTIC DA VINCI: The remarkable panel which Professor R. Langton Douglas has discovered and which is now identified as having been part of a predella to an altar-piece in Pistoia Cathedral. It was painted at the beginning of Leonardo's career, and is without doubt one of the few definitely established pictures from the master's hand which date before 1480. The identification is based on its remarkable similarity in scale, composition, and architectural details to the "Annunciation" in the Louvre. Both pictures, in fact, are probably cut from the same piece of wood

THE IRISH SCENE: A reproduction from a recent work by Mr. J. Humbert Craig, R.H.A. The original, a number of facsimiles of which have been made in colour by Messrs. Frost and Reed of Bristol, is remarkable for the faithful manner in which the artist has portrayed the colourful and rugged beauty of the Irish countryside

"THERE'S A TRANSPORT OF JOY AT THE ZOO": One of a series of four remarkable poster designs carried out for the L.P.T.B. Underground service by Jean Dupas

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

With **Mr. Lloyd George's War Memoirs (Nicholson and Watson. 21s.)** we come to what is probably the last of the War memoirs by a leading statesman who played an important part in the greatest event of modern history. I think Mr. Lloyd George will spring a surprise even on his admirers. Few certainly can have suspected that he had a pen almost as gifted as his tongue, for the quality of the writing in this first volume—its verve, the cleverness with which the interest is kept unflagging, the marshalling of a host of facts and events, and the sense of a great drama—have never been better achieved. Indeed, I would say that this book is destined to stand pre-eminent among all the books dealing with the War. Mr. Lloyd George is, of course, among the most important of the great figures of that period. He was the pivot of action, he passed through a great crisis, he was involved in warfare on two fronts, at home and abroad. He has been accused of every mean trick, every device of the demagogue and charlatan, and of the greatest political crime, of betrayal of his chief.

How does he emerge? Even discounting the skill with which he presents his case, I think this first volume contains a complete answer to his detractors and an entire justification of his action.

This book has the merit of fearless candour, even with friends. In no chapter does his eye for character reveal itself more clearly than in that dealing with Sir Edward Grey. He cuts right across the popular conception of the Foreign Minister, and the points he presses seem to me irrefutable. In the finality he found Grey wanting—wanting in knowledge of European affairs, wanting in courage, wanting in human psychology. A flawless character, a flawless profile, and the legend of the strong silent man were his chief assets. "Anyone reading with care and impartiality the record of the way in which he missed his opportunities must come to the conclusion that he lacked the knowledge of foreign countries, the vision and imagination, breadth of mind, and that high courage, bordering on audacity, which his immense task demanded . . . the ideal Foreign Secretary would be a cross between a recluse and a tramp, e.g. between Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald."

This volume opens with the brewing of the storm in Europe and takes us as far as the year 1915. The break with Asquith is on the horizon. So far as this volume goes Mr. Lloyd George deals chivalrously with his old chief, although he severely criticizes him.

The Shell crisis awoke in Lloyd George the conviction that Asquith had not the energy to prosecute a vital war, and on the evidence of this book he was perfectly right. There will be contradictions and challenges to the author's interpretation of events, but I cannot see how the main validity of his case can be challenged. Mr. Lloyd George's personal vindication apart, this book is a vivid, vigorous story of fateful years, told by one in the very centre of events. As a piece of writing it could not be better, as a defence it could not be more persuasive, and its subject matter makes it the vital material of history.

With his fourth volume, **Vanessa (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.), Mr. Hugh Walpole** completes his vast Herries Chronicle covering the years 1875-1932. As a contemporary novelist, I heave a sigh of relief. Mr. Walpole has relieved my generation of writers from any further attempt at a modern saga. He has done it so thoroughly and so well that it need never be done again. The last volume does not let down its predecessors. True, he runs nearer to embroidery of the history of the times, and there are a few puppets made to dance in the background to give traditional colour to the scene. One of these, Oscar Wilde, is perhaps the worst of the crowd of supers employed, but in a stage so superbly crowded, and so full of life, this failure is of no consequence. The main stream of the narrative never flags.

We are now down to Judith's great granddaughter, sailing through the early nineties, the Boer War, the Great War, and the General Strike, and Mr. Walpole has the courage of the happy ending and completes the circle in a manner never tolerated now in Chelsea. The love of Vanessa and Benjamin Herries brings unity at last into the family. Again the shadow of the flitting eagle symbolism, the transitory nature of life amid these fells and tarns, and thus Mr. Walpole concludes his largest task—a task of four years of stupendous industry and enduring achievement. He has now, as much as Wordsworth, taken the Lake District for his own territory. Henceforth any other novelist must feel himself a trespasser on a domain completely and unforgettably surveyed.

A VERSATILE WRITER AND HER DAUGHTER: Helen Simpson whose new book, *The Woman on the Beast*, has just been published by Heinemann. It is likely to be one of the outstanding successes of the Autumn Season

Mr. John Masefield is an old boy of H.M.S. *Conway*. There could be no one more fitting to write the history of that nursery of officers of the Mercantile Marine, and in **The Conway (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)** he has performed the task with distinction. I have only one small connection with this ship. A frequent visitor to it, at one time I had the privilege of writing its school song and being the guest of its captain. Mr. Masefield surveys its history, he dips into its log, he borrows extracts from old and new letters, he gives the honourable war records of its sons. Old *Conway* boys sailing the world over will tuck this volume away in their sea chests, a record of their Mersey home.

Holiday leisure has allowed me to browse through **Mr. Patrick Balfour's Society Racket (Long. 15s.).** A member of the Smart Set, with no illusions about its smartness, Mr. Balfour has written with candour, but also good taste. It is a complete revue of the more frivolous end of society which contrives to spend in a night the complete cargo of legions of industrial galley slaves. But I do not find in it a condemnation of human society, which has always had this element and must always have it. Mr. Balfour asserts that the whole of English social life is based on snobbery, and proves it fully. But he is an accomplished and disarming guide to the night life of the half-wits and the double-witted, and he is always aware that life is not all black or white-tied. I do not wonder his book is being widely read. He finds us all victims of the *Zeitgeist*, and we have one new virtue at least—we are all easier to get on with and more tolerant.

Mr. **Ford Madox Ford** continues his history of the world-weary and completely sophisticated. Henry Martin loses his fortune and has not enough energy to commit suicide which he frequently contemplates. But most of his time is spent contemplating woman from the sex angle, and he goes round and round, a tired moth attracted by the flame. The Riviera, New York, Luxembourg—these are the haunts of poor Henry Martin Aluin Smith who, in **The Rash Act (Cape. 7s. 6d.),** continues his vague pilgrimage through life.

Miss Helen Simpson's novel, **The Woman on the Beast (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.),** contains three stories remotely connected. Never did three stories cover such different episodes in time and space. But Miss Simpson seems equally at home in the Indies of the sixteenth century, describing a unique ecclesiastical battle; in France of the eighteenth century, depicting the love story of an actress, or in a tremendous sweep into the future of Australia, where a new religion dominates existence. It is all done with astounding scholarship and zest. The theme underlying and connecting these diverse stories is that the worst actions are often committed with the best intentions. Miss Simpson still retains the gift for surprising her readers by opening unimaginable territories in which she is at home and constantly exciting.

NOTE.—In a review of Mr. Johannes Steel's book, *Hitler as Frankenstein*, which appeared in the August 19 issue of THE SPHERE, it was said that the author was a Socialist Jew. Messrs. Wishart, the publishers, have since pointed out that this statement, though not derogatory, is erroneous. We gladly tender our apologies for any inconvenience which the mistake may have caused.

On page 462 of this issue will be found a complete index of published, and yet to be published, works of fiction, biography, autobiography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

For Your Library List.

A RAPID REVIEW

Of Some Outstanding Autumn Publications

The autumn book season has begun in good form. The difficulty is that the reader cannot possibly do justice to the good fare offered. Here is a mere indication of books that will suit the most varied tastes. The figure of Ibn Saud has loomed very large in post-War Arabia. He has shown himself the most able of all the Arab rulers. **Mr. Kenneth Williams** in his short biography, **Ibn Saud (Cape. 8s. 6d.),** gives us a vital portrait of this figure against a background of religious and political intrigue. The capture of the Hedjaz from the late King Hussein forms an exciting chapter in a book of great interest.

Commander Kenworthy has minced all the traditions. His autobiography, **Sailors, Statesmen, and Others (Rich and Cowan. 18s.),** covers a career as soldier and politician that always provoked a vivid individualism. As might be expected, the candour and originality of opinion are unrestrained, the inside history of the Coalition Government presents a startling chapter in a book full of new aspects of public life. **Mr. H. G. Wells** in **The Shape of Things to Come (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.)** is again in vigorous prophetic mood. He looks forward 150 years, cheerfully on the whole, and with a vigour of constructive thought that still shows the Wells' might as the foremost eruptive force in the mental world to-day. As usual, the attention is held through every page.

The Pill Boxes of Flanders, by **Colonel E. G. L. Thurlow (Nicholson and Watson. 1s.),** is a short history of these outposts of valour. Here briefly plotted and succinctly told is a heart-rending record of desperate heroism unto death. As a microcosm of much overlooked valour by nameless men, this memoir is overwhelming in its poignancy. The record is well illustrated, with an excellent map. **Mrs. Mabel Dodge Luhan** will be remembered for her unusual book, *Lorenzo in Taos*. Now she appears with **Intimate Memories (Martin Secker. 10s. 6d.).** It is the story of the first eighteen years of her life, and is a running criticism of the Victorian era. She never spares herself or her observed subjects, and vividly brings back to life a remote era.

We have two South American novels in **Martin Lethbridge,** by **Andrew Andrews (Cape. 7s. 6d.),** and **Fare You Well, My Shining City,** by **Thomas Washington-Metcalfe.** The former is the story of the conquest of a swamp by an English engineer. The undisciplined life of the Sierras runs through its pages with great verve, and the battle of man with the earth is strikingly depicted in the story of Martin. Mr. Washington-Metcalfe's story is more native in its portrait of the creation of a Spanish-American Republic. The town lies under the shadow of a revolution, and all the turmoil and apprehension are movingly conveyed.

Mr. **Francis Chichester's Seaplane Solo (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.)** is the narrative of one of his remarkable flights, done with little publicity, in which, flying solo from New Zealand to Australia, he encountered a hurricane, a Robinson Crusoe episode on a Pacific island, and the task of rebuilding a wrecked 'plane with Nature's aid. It is an excellently told story of singular valour and enterprise. The spirit of the Elizabethan adventurers breathes from every page of this absorbing record.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith is on well-known ground in her new novel, **The Ploughman's Progress (Cassell and Co. 7s. 6d.).** It is the story of agricultural Sussex in recent years, where the farmer has been flung from prosperity to poverty. Here is his Odyssey vividly presented, with an intimacy of which only Miss Kaye-Smith is capable. It is not a story of despair, but a tribute to the men of the soil whom nothing defeats. In Fred Sinden she has created another memorable Sussex figure.

Like Miss Kaye-Smith, **Mrs. Pearl S. Buck** has established herself firmly on the soil. The authoress of **The Good Earth** prefers, of course, the Chinese scene, and in **The First Wife (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)** she presents a goodly collection of stories from Chinese life, each with her characteristic insight and sympathy. The first story is a long short novel, every word worthy of its author's reputation for tenderness and knowledge of the scene.

There is nothing that does not interest **Mr. E. V. Lucas,** and nothing upon which he has not a pleasant revelation to make. He turns from strange tombs to handwriting in Bloomsbury, and everywhere his unfathomable love of the curious comes into play. In **Saunterer's Rewards (Methuen. 6s.)** he is as engaging as ever in some forty essays, any one of which will keep dinner waiting if read before, and digestion good if read afterwards.

TRANSPORT THROUGH THE AGES:

The Story told in a Series of Dioramas at the Science Museum, South Kensington

IN THE STONE AGE man discovered that he could transport heavy objects more easily by means of a sledge, and that a hollowed log made an excellent canoe

THE FORERUNNER OF THE MODERN WHEEL was the roller by means of which the ancient Egyptians, using slave labour, successfully moved their enormous structures of stone

INVENTION OF THE WHEEL: A revolutionary development that led to a vast speeding-up of transport and to the employment of the horse on a greatly extended scale

FORTY OR FIFTY CENTURIES AGO it occurred to man that he could not only save time but his own strength by taming animals and using them as beasts of burden

IN THE MIDDLE AGES: Over difficult country, where the roads were unfit for wheeled traffic, the pack animal remained the only satisfactory means of rapid transport. Near the castle gates can be seen an early type of horse-drawn vehicle

IN TUDOR TIMES: Even then the roads were still poor and horse-drawn vehicles had to be constructed with specially wide wheels to prevent their sinking in the mud

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION: While the stage coach lingered for a few years, the advent of mechanical power brought with it a new era of speed. Even the bicycle began to take on something of its present-day appearance

The seeming simplicity of travel to-day makes it easy for us to forget the many hundreds of years it has taken for transport to reach its present stage of development. To the student of the subject the new series of dioramas at the Science Museum, South Kensington, will be found absorbingly interesting. These great diorama displays in relief depict the evolution of transport from those far away primitive times when man first carried loads upon his back, to the coming of the aeroplane and the airship as we know them to-day. There are eleven of these big tableaux, and every phase of transport which has been illustrated, as well as the models incorporated in the pictures, is authentic down to the minutest detail. The tableaux, which are lit up by electricity, clearly have an outstanding educational value and, judging by the numbers who have viewed them since their installation, are forming one of the most popular attractions at the famous Kensington museum.

HERE'S HEALTH

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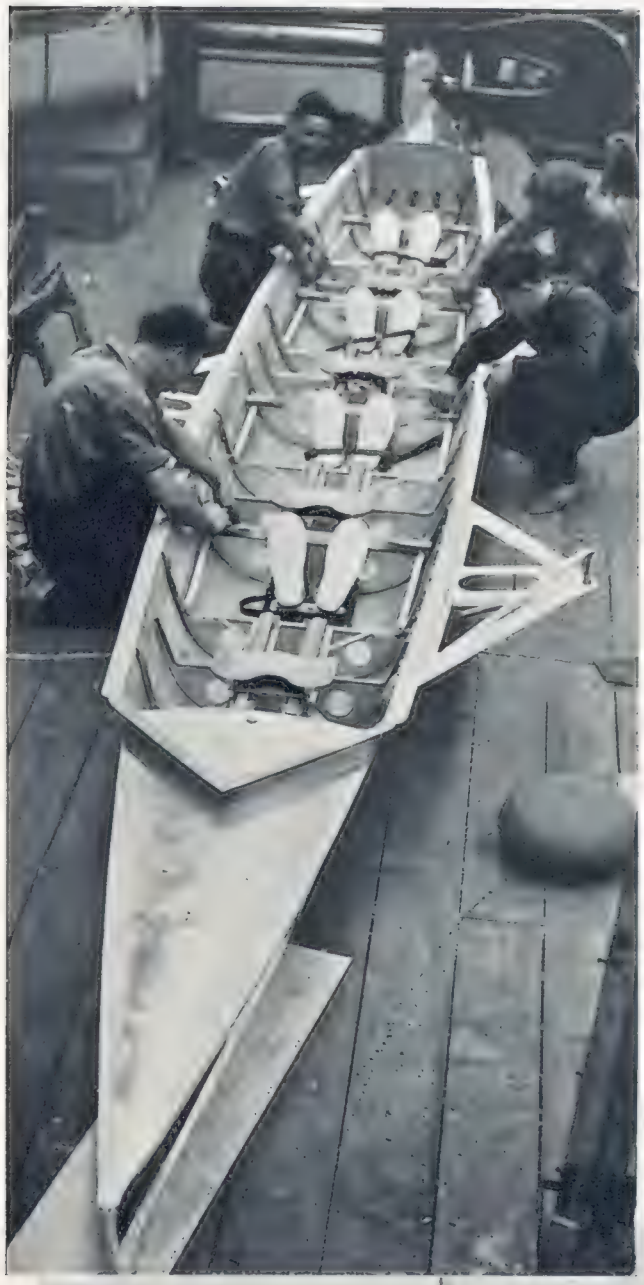


BURNHAM YACHTING WEEK: Mr. H. S. Broom's *Bathsheba* winning the International Six-Metre Class event. The racing, which was organized by the Royal Corinthian and Royal Burnham-on-Crouch Yacht Clubs, reached a high standard, although in several instances an insufficient breeze resulted in somewhat slow finishes. *Left*—Making final adjustments to a new all-metal racing skiff which has recently been completed by a firm of Southampton builders

"AND ALL THEY ASK IS A TALL SHIP": For twenty-three years Captain Karl Ahlgren, who is owner and skipper, has been running his auxiliary schooner, *Isolda*, with the help of his wife and children. His daughters were both born on board the vessel and, with the exception of a few short years at school, it has been their floating home ever since. The *Isolda* is seen outward bound from Amble (Northumberland) to Namsos (Norway)

HIS MORNING DIP: "Murphy" is the mascot of Mr. Angus Miller's yacht, *Vesta*. Being a good swimmer he takes a delight in diving from the deck, but fortunately for his owner he has learnt to return, without help, via the ship's ladder

AUTUMN in MONTREUX

A Sheltered Holiday Resort with an Equable Climate—Excursions by Road and Funicular Railway—A Visit to Historic Chillon

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

GUARDIAN OF THE LAKE: The historic Castle of Chillon at the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva. It was built in 830 A.D. and in its rock-hewn dungeons thousands of Jews are said to have been sentenced to death

MONTREUX: A general view of the town showing its ideal position on the shores of Lake Geneva. In the background, and rising behind the wooded slopes of Caux and Glion, is the snow-capped peak of the Rochers de Naye

It is not an easy matter to choose just the right spot for an autumn holiday. There are so many places where it is still too hot, or where the season changes very rapidly and it becomes too cold, and this is where Montreux with its sheltered position, cut off from all cold northerly winds, and the Lake of Geneva to moderate the heat of the day and render the climate delightfully equable, comes to one's rescue. Whatever your wishes may be, you cannot go far wrong if you select Montreux for a holiday late in the year.

In fact then is the time when, in one respect at least, you see Montreux at its best, for the glorious vineyards which abound in the district are a riot of colour, of purple and gold, and everywhere are quantities of the luscious fruit they bear, and for a very moderate outlay you may take the grape cure, one of the most effective for many of the ills which afflict man, whilst enjoying some of the most charming lake and mountain scenery the world can offer.

Autumn is the time, too, when the many excursions you can undertake from Montreux offer their greatest charm, for the country-side is burnished with the rich tints of tree and shrub; and the contrast with the blue waters of the lake, and the varying browns of the hills and mountains, the latter with crests of snow, is delightful. And there is such variety. You can go by motor-coach through the Pass of St. Bernard and visit the famous monastery, or through the highly picturesque Gruyère country to Diablerets, Gstaad, Château d'Œx, and Gruyères, stopping there to visit the ancient castle: by steamer you can explore the Lake of Geneva—Vevey, Lausanne, Geneva, and a number of smaller but very pretty places on the Swiss side, or you can cross to the French side and enjoy the charms of Evian-les-Bains; and, on the Montreux - Bernese - Oberland electric railway, Chamby, Les Avants, Saanenmoser, Zweisimmen, Lenk, and other beautiful mountain centres can be visited; and the trains on this line have special observation cars wherefrom you obtain the fullest scenic view.

Then there are several excursions by funicular railway from or near Montreux, to resorts high up among the mountains, affording glorious views of the peaks of the Bernese Oberland on the one hand and of the Savoy Alps on the other. Thus, going round the lake by rail, and proceeding along the Rhône Valley to Martigny, you can then ascend to Chamonix, at the very foot of Mont Blanc; or, stopping at Bex, from there a railway climbs to Villars-Chesières. From Aigle you can visit Champéry, nestling just below the Dents du Midi; or go on to Viège, and ascend therefrom to Zermatt and view the wonders of the Matterhorn.

Nearer at hand you have very pleasant little trips by funicular, via Vevey, to Mont Pélerin; to Les Pleïades, by way of the ancient Roman station of Baugy, the picturesque village of Chailly, and Blouay, with its ivy-covered castle keep; to Mont Fleury; and, the finest of them all, to Glion, 1,000 ft. directly above Montreux, ascending between banks spangled with wild flowers of every hue and through leafy woods, and then, higher still, to beautiful Caux, another 1,200 ft. up, and from there to the famous Rochers de Naye, nearly 7,000 ft. above sea level, and from which there is a really magnificent view—of the whole of the Lake of Geneva, the Lakes of Neuchatel and Bienne, and the snow-capped summits of the mountains of the Bernese Oberland and the ranges of the Valais and Savoy.

Perhaps the crowning joy of a stay in Montreux, certainly for those who retain something of the spirit of romance, is the opportunity it affords of visiting the Castle of Chillon, one of the oldest of castles, romantically situated, with a stirring history and one which figures prominently in English literature. From the time of Charlemagne onwards, Chillon served to guard the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva and to confine those who fell foul of its Lords of Savoy, the last of these, Bonivard, the "Prisoner of Chillon," liberated by the Bernese in 1536, since when Chillon has been Swiss. Excellently preserved, Chillon presents, probably, much the same appearance now as when Count Peter of Savoy fortified and improved it in the fourteenth century, and to see it is to view a gem of medieval architecture.

There are charming walks about Montreux, along by the lake, and about the hills, excellent facilities for sport—tennis, bathing, rowing, and sailing, and at Aigle, not far off, golf. At the Kursaal-Casino you can hear first-class symphony concerts, listen to good opera and see well-produced drama, and you have a very wide choice of hotels, including the renowned Montreux Palace, with its magnificent apartments, its beautiful gardens by the lake, tennis courts, and Pavillon de Sports, the fashionable rendezvous in Montreux at tea-time. Finally, no place in Switzerland knows how to cater for its English visitors better than Montreux!

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY CHÂTEAU OF CHÂTELARD which gives its name to the western part of Montreux

FOLLOWING THE SUN

A Warm Travelling Coat, Light Suits and Frocks for Shore Excursions, and as many Evening Frocks as you can Pack will all be WANTED ON VOYAGE

A steamer coat must be light, warm, and it is more chic and far more comfortable if it is cut on generous lines. The one above is made of diagonally woven camel hair, and it comes from Studd and Millington, of 51, Conduit Street, London, W. The collar can be buttoned across the chest, and the large patch pockets will be found very useful, while not even the most perverse draught can creep up the sleeve if the storm cuff is brought into operation. It is folded under and fastened on the inside so that it grips the wrist gently but firmly. Camel hair cloth is a classic that is used year by year because no amount of hard wear seems to hurt it, but the diagonal line running through this model makes it interesting and stamps it as being new

Printed linen is delightfully cool and always looks well beneath blue skies. The admirably tailored dress worn by the seated figure above is of heavy linen printed in three toned stripes interspersed with white. The predominating shades are green, brown, or blue, with a white collar and cuffs, and the price is 3½ guineas. A small patterned crêpe-de-chine in an enormous range of colours makes the second frock which is most ingeniously cut. The skirt has an apron front which wraps over at the side-back, where all the fulness is concentrated. A sash, cut in one with the front, is tied there in a large bow, and the softly draped cowl collar is lined with a contrasting crêpe which is also used for the flower. It costs 7 guineas, and, with its companion, comes from Liberty of Regent Street, W.

Packing will be much less of a problem than it was during the summer months, for the autumn models are far more restrained, and the exuberant frills of the last few months will be no more. The new line is exemplified in the dress on the extreme left. Made of black taffeta which moulds the figure almost to the knees, yet never gives any suggestion of tightness, it flares outwards at the hem, where the line is stressed by a black ruching lined with a subtle pink that is seen again in the frill which outlines the décolletage. The high neck at the front is another important fashion detail. From the Small Women's Department at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, the price is only 5½ guineas, and for a similar sum one may become the possessor of the short black velvet coat trimmed with black or white foxaline

25 YEARS OF DRAMATIC HISTORY

Being the Fifth of a Series of Articles on the Stage of Other Days: Some Distinguished Dramatic Critics of the Past: Alan Parsons and His Love of the Theatre

By PHILIP PAGE

THE LATE BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS: One-time dramatic critic of the *Daily Express* and a writer of delightful short stories

If the London stage has changed almost completely in method and outlook during the past quarter of a century, the *personnel* of its critics has changed even more. Of those who were my companions at first nights in 1909 very few remain.

I still see the genial smile of Mr. J. T. Grein, a true enthusiast, who founded the Independent Theatre over forty years ago, and did so much in the cause of Ibsen. Mr. E. A. Baughan will forgive me if I call him another veteran; Mr. B. W. Findon I know rejoices in that title. Mr. Hannen Swaffer, the stormy petrel of dramatic criticism, now devotes his pungent pen to the more sentimental aspects of Socialism, and is rarely seen in theatres, from which he was often barred for his frankness. But he attended an Eisteddfod the other day — still Bard. Mr. James Agate, Mr. Charles Morgan, Mr. W. A. Darlington, and Mr. Ivor Brown, a highly distinguished quartet, are post-War.

MR. J. T. GREIN: The doyen of dramatic critics and an authority on Ibsen

The list of those on whom the final curtain has rung down is a depressingly long one. A. B. Walkley and W. L. Courtney we used to regard as remote figures of infinite dignity, as, in fact, they were. George Morrison, of *The Morning Post*, was more genial; a grey-moustached barrister of great loquacity, he could be amusingly destructive. I shall always remember his criticism of a dreadful play at the Aldwych entitled *Philopœna*, produced by an American actress who came in for some severe comments when the venture collapsed after a night or two. That lady is now known to millions of film-fans as Marie Dressler.

Frederick Fenn, who preceded me on the old *Daily Graphic*, was a sound critic and the author of that successful play, *'Op o' My Thumb*. Another *Daily Graphic* colleague was Randall Charlton. Charlton was a curious character, vastly tall and impressive, a fine journalist when he chose to be, a promising novelist, and a man of odd enthusiasms, which included Marie Lloyd, "Squire" Chaplin—and a whole gallery of criminals. He was never deeply interested in the theatre, though his knowledge of the music-halls was extensive and peculiar.

Keble Howard, on the other hand, who was critic of *The Daily Mail* at that time, was so fond of the theatre that he wrote assiduously for it and frequently acted in his own plays.

THE LATE A. B WALKLEY: A distinguished critic of *The Times*

There was never a more popular man than Basil Macdonald Hastings; he was a very dear friend of mine, and his companionship during *entr'actes* was indeed joyous. He had an established literary reputation as an essayist, a writer of delightful short stories, and a dramatist (he was the author of that splendid drama, *The New Sin*) long before he joined the staff of *The Daily Express*.

"Mac" was the kindliest of critics, though there were certain players whose very personalities infuriated him. And he loathed (as most of us do) gloomy adaptations from the Russian at outlying suburban theatres on Sunday nights. His editor once informed him that he had to go to the Tottenham Repertory Theatre, or some such place. "Good God, man," he shouted, "I'm dramatic critic for London; not for Europe!"

Another sad loss is George Mair, whose incursion into dramatic criticism as the representative of *The Evening Standard* was short but brilliant. He had an almost uncanny facility for analysing a play; he set about the job much as a surgeon tackles a post-mortem, a fastidious instinct for the right phrase.

The smallest dramatic critic I knew was Louis Cowen, a tiny, friendly person who invariably attended the theatre in a black Inverness cape and a cloth cap, which just perched beetle-like on the crown of his head.

When Martin Harvey produced *Œdipus Rex* at Covent Garden (Harry Pelissier burlesqued this under the title of *Adipose Wrecks*) on Reinhardtian lines, with actors making their entrances from all parts of the auditorium, little Cowen was a trifle late on the first night. Slowly making his way to his stall down the centre gangway of that vast theatre, he was suddenly surrounded by a horde of shouting, gesticulating "supers" who had shot through the door behind him. He had no chance whatever. Before he could reach his seat he was caught up, cloth cap and all, with that Greek-robed mob, and had perforce to run with them on to the stage, making his escape eventually through the stage door. That is the only recorded instance of the lighter touch in Greek tragedy.

It was about that time that the craze arose for letting the greater part of the entertainment, particularly in revues, take place in the stalls, whose occupants were pelted with balloons, made to grasp fish dangling from fishing rods held by chorus girls, which gave them an electric shock, had their hair (and their tempers) ruffled by leading ladies, and compelled, willy nilly, to join in the spirit of alleged carnival. How often did I long for a nice, quiet seat on the stage!

The doyen of critics was Chance Newton of *The Referee*, who was, however, more of a theatrical chronicler than a critic. He was a dear old man, who had a rich store of memories but a poor way of expressing them. Harry Hibbert, another veteran, was of the same type but a far better writer. But to talk to Chance Newton, who was never known to say an unkind word about anybody, was to be back in the London of the 'sixties and 'seventies.

He had a profound adoration for Shakespeare, to whom he never alluded save as "the Bard" or "the Swan of Avon," and as a boy had seen Phelps at Sadler's Wells and Charles Kean at the Princess's. Irving he had known intimately, and he knew, too, Lady Irving, who still lives on, incredibly old. One of his close friends had been Walter Lacy, who had acted with Edmund Kean, the centenary of whose death was celebrated this year—a wonderful link with the remote theatrical past, for Edmund Kean knew Mrs. David Garrick. Walter Lacy died in 1898, aged ninety. There is a fine portrait of him in the Garrick Club.

Alan Parsons, who died in January last, had not served long as a critic, but made a considerable mark. We were undergraduates together, and I remember his meeting Viola Tree, whom he subsequently married. For years Alan was a Government clerk in Whitehall, but his work was, I think, hardly to his taste, and he hankered after literature and, as might have been expected considering he was Tree's son-in-law, the theatre.

He was the most Bohemian of Etonians, and I was glad to be the means of introducing him to Fleet Street, where he was both liked and successful. As critic of *The Daily Mail* he found first-nights something of an ordeal, and spent the intervals in a state of humorous agitation, murmuring as 10 p.m. drew near, "My two million readers are getting restive." The later acts of almost every play he would spend pacing up and down at the back of the dress circle, or sitting on the stairs, still muttering, "My two million readers! They're agog, you know, to-night they're more agog than ever."

Alan had a curiously whimsical sense of fun, but in his love for the theatre he was deeply sincere. Nothing disturbed his equanimity except animals on the stage, which he detested—and, of course, his two million readers. Few of his friends knew how ill he was, and his death came very suddenly.

Perhaps I have dwelt at undue length on critics and their ways. For they do not share the limelight with those whom they criticize, and few, if any of them, become public figures. But for the most part they are men of understanding and sympathy with the art they serve. There are those who conceal ignorance under flippancy, and there are others who are indifferent to the theatre and do not attempt to conceal that indifference. But they are in a minority.

And this I would say with all emphasis, that the standard of knowledge, honesty, and impartiality in dramatic criticism is higher in England than in any other country. We are often blamed by actors for lack of the technical knowledge of acting, and I note that this criticism of the critics is on the increase. I could not more effectively counter it than by quoting Dr. Johnson: "Sir, I am a better judge of mutton than any sheep!"

"AFTER DARK": Betty Frankiss (centre) in *Little Miss Muffett*—one of the star turns of Kenneth Duffield's successful revue at the Vaudeville

NEW PLAYS

"The Distaff Side" and "The Key"

Mr. John van Druten continues to hover, successfully if not very gaily, between Galsworthy and Tchekov. *The Distaff Side*, which at the Apollo opened the autumn theatrical season, shows us a family of near-Forsytes, with most of the males omitted, talking a great deal and doing precious little.

A play is not necessarily a bad one because nothing much happens in it, and I can call to mind many appalling efforts which have been packed with incident. *The Distaff Side* is far from being a bad play and in several respects is rather a good one. But the author is too fond of photography. If photography has to be used by a dramatist it should be the type of photography that *slightly* enlarges. This play in particular is only too lifelike and it is not given a fillip by its dialogue. There is the virtue that there is no straining after a *bon mot* in every other sentence, a restraint surprising in a writer so young. Yet one needs more than the type of joke that deals with the human inside and the proper application of a clinical thermometer.

Homeric laughter from the gallery did not alter my conviction that this was a false move and very poor fun.

Something, of course, does happen in that

(*Continued on p.* 464)

"TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME": Carl Brisson, as the composer, shows the orchestra how his song should be sung. A scene from his latest musical comedy now in production at the Walton Studios under the direction of Joe May

SCENIC NORWAY AT ITS BEST: A vista of hayricks, mountains, and a famous fjord at Loen

Pleasure Cruising Comes to Stay

Britain Finds the Ideal Way of Making Holiday — How a New Generation of Travellers is Coming into Being

By GEOFFREY PINNOCK

We watched her gliding up the Baltic. She was as lovely as a swan. A Finnish three-master in full sail with her royals bellying in the breeze in curves that were as firm and white as though cut in marble by the hand of a sculptor.

The sea was of that smoke-blue, *cendré* tint that is so typical of the water in the vicinity of the big maw of the Gulf of Finland. The sky had the faint greenish hue of the prelude to sunset.

She remained in clear view for perhaps twenty minutes. And all that time we watched her in rapt silence until her proud shape dimmed and merged with the distant shadow-stripe of the Esthonian coast.

Then my companion, a Scandinavian journalist, spoke. He said, sighing slowly, as one does after something very satisfying has come to an end:

"That was quite perfect."

"It was," I answered, and added a remark about the spell of a fine ship under full canvas.

"Yes," he said. "To many people a ship is just an impersonal thing of wood and iron and a few ropes, no more romantic than a mangle or a sewing-machine. But your race and mine—we have salt water blood in our veins, and that makes all the difference, doesn't it?"

That was a year or two ago. The era of pleasure cruising, as we know it to-day, had not yet begun. In the summer months odd steamship lines detached a vessel or two from their regular routes and sent them wandering through the Mediterranean. But for the great majority of the people of the British Isles the sea-urge that has now been released by the cruise system was still dormant.

To-day pleasure cruising is established as a national trait where holidays are concerned.

Salt water blood. I have often thought of that expression. It explains instantly the sweeping success of the modern cruising holiday.

Salt water blood. Can any travel experience equal the first sight from the deck of a great ship of the faint blue coast of a new and foreign land?

Socially and intellectually the advent of the cruise era is going to have far-reaching effects on our national life. Already it has started to rip off our label of insularity, and by an infinitely more entertaining method than membership of one or other of the various, freakish international cliques and coteries of Bloomsbury. For we are not the only nation of cruisers, though we have given the lead to the world.

The big ships of every important maritime country are being put into the new itineraries that pleasure cruising has mapped out for them. Altogether new international contacts are being made by thousands of a public to whom Gibraltar once seemed as far and mystical as Cathay.

One sincerely feels that the growth of intelligent pleasure travel may eventually do much to smooth over the insularity, chauvinism, and rough points of international contact that the indecisive Conference mentality of the world's politicians only seems to aggravate.

Once in a Central European country I found myself the only Englishman amid a strong anti-English atmosphere. People were unfriendly and did as much as they could to make things awkward and unpleasant for me. Until one day a stout little man with a square-cut beard and boot-button eyes came along and shook my hand.

"Englishman? Ah! we do not like England here just now," he said. "But I haf in London once been. Bookingham Palace, the Strand, eh? Eggs and bacon, eh? Eggs and bacon—lofely!" and he made a gesture of vast pleasure, and thereafter helped me in many a way.

Just because of that one visit to London he could see beyond the narrow perspective of his countrymen. He had been among the race they professed to hate. He knew us as really quite nice and normal human beings, and not as the ogres of his chauvinist orators and patriotic press.

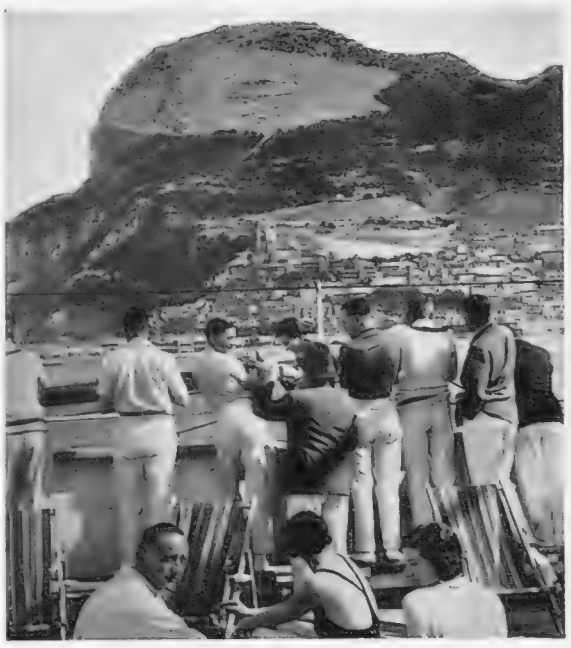
Because of cruising a new generation of travelled people of all classes is coming into being in this country, a generation to whom deserts and palm groves are not just highly-coloured pictures on a box of dates, and to whom the Alcazar and the Acropolis and the wonder of the Norwegian fjords are as personal and real as their own High Street.

And those world-cruises that take their passengers across all the oceans. They are not for the slender purse, of course. But the one time locked and hidden territory that they have now opened up is stupendous. To the mouth of the Amazon, and then a thousand miles up the river into its innermost creeks. To the spice islands of the Pacific, of which the only sight once obtainable was in the magazine illustrations to the stories of Beatrice Grimshaw. Zimbabwe ruins, the Angkhor Vat, the eerie stone-carved gods of forest-ringed temples . . . Lourenço Marques, Bali, Raratonga, Havana, Kilimanjaro, and Tristan da Cunha . . . All these things and places wave like bright flags among the dramatic itineraries of the companies.

The essential advantage of a cruising holiday lies in the fact that the ships are the same in size and equipment whether one takes a twelve guinea trip to the Western Mediterranean and back, or a voyage to all the world's continents costing several hundred pounds. The average tonnage of the cruising vessel scheduled for this winter's itineraries works out at over 20,000 tons, and in craft of that bulk one can greet almost superciliously the legend of Biscay and stare a north-east monsoon full in the face without flinching.

Yes. Cruising has come to stay. The geographic complex, the explorative microbe—call it what you will—is a powerful component of all the world's virile races, and of the Anglo-Saxon race in particular. The desire to *move*, to look over the wall and see other things and places and people, has been the first propulsive force behind every great feat of travel and discovery.

Pleasure travel to far countries was once the prerogative only of a fortunate few. The democracy of the cruise era has sundered that eclecticism. The millionaire may have his suite on the best deck, but in choice of ship and service the clerk who has saved just enough to get himself to Algiers and back, tourist class, is his equal. The experience gained by the individual after a cruise, the value accruing to the nation by the creation of yet another citizen who has seen and felt the life of other lands than his own, are worth incalculably more than the price of the ticket.

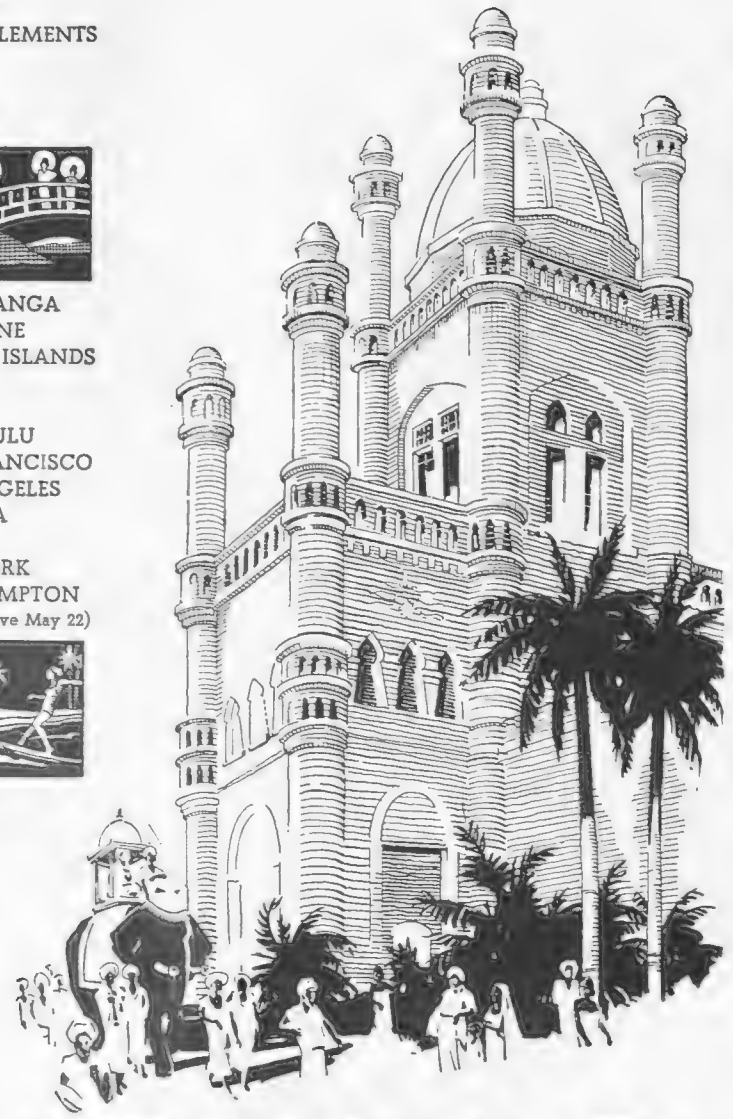


AT THE ROCK: Passengers on the R.M.S.P. *Atlantis* crowd the sun-deck as the liner approaches Gibraltar

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC GIANT DROPS IN AT LOS ANGELES: A striking view of the *Empress of Britain* taken during her last world cruise

MONTE CARLO
(January 17, 1934)
NAPLES
ATHENS
PALESTINE
EGYPT
INDIA
CEYLON
STRAITS SETTLEMENTS
SIAM
JAVA
BALI

ZAMBOANGA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
CHINA
JAPAN
HONOLULU
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
PANAMA
CUBA
NEW YORK
SOUTHAMPTON
(Arrive May 22)



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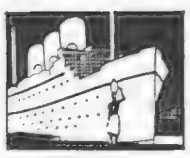

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FROM MADEIRA TO

A Medieval Elope fluence on the His In the Land of Glamour of

By NICHOLAS

HAIRIYE HANOUM: A Turkish gipsy woman playing and singing the old songs in the streets of Istambul. Her smart Western dress strikes an incongruous note

It was an English love affair that secured Madeira for the Portuguese.

Five hundred and sixty years ago, on a moonless autumn night in Bristol, one Robert Macham made his way stealthily down an alley near the port and whistled softly beneath a window. A few moments later a side door opened soundlessly, and a girl carrying a bundle went straight into his arms. Her name was Anna Arfet.

Robert and Anna were married before dawn, and later in the day, when a cockle of a ship owned by Juan Morales slid down the Avon on the outgoing tide, homeward bound for Spain, the couple were safely stowed on board.

But the storm that arose when the mountains of Portugal were abeam blew the ship South and ever South, until a great island loomed up that was far beyond the ken of the primitive charts of Morales. It was a dream place for the lovers. But they had not rested many days after the ardours of the storm before the wind whipped up violently again, so that the ship began to drag her anchor. Robert hurried off with some of the men to help to make her fast, but the wind increased and drove the vessel out to sea.

Anna's heart broke, and she died from shock and grief. The ship, with Robert and Morales and all on board, fell into the hands of Barbary pirates. After years of the lash, Robert died in his chains, and many years later again Juan Morales was ransomed. On his way back to his native Spain he was taken prisoner by the Portuguese and carried off to Lisbon. There his tale of the discovery of the island reached the ears of Prince Henry the navigator, who commissioned a ship, placed Gonzalez Zargo in command, and sent Morales with him to re-find the island.

They did so without difficulty, calling it Mattara, which means "wood," because of its dense vegetation. Prince Henry and Zargo get most of the credit for the discovery in the encyclopædias. But Juan Morales, faithful in his memory of the love of Robert Macham and Anna Arfet, saw to it that the scene of the first landing was named Machico.

The floodlight of publicity directed upon Funchal, the capital of Madeira, has brought a certain amount of unmerited neglect upon Machico, Camara de Lobos, and the other Madeiran towns. Nor is Madeira the only island of the group that bears its name.

Funchal has palace hotels, lidos, cocktail bars, cabarets, palms, oleanders, and Judas trees; a mountain railway with a magnificent panorama at its terminus nearly 4,000 ft. up, and a system of vehicular street traffic—by means of bullock sleighs and man-handled basket-work toboggans — that is the most individual in the Northern hemisphere. But essential Madeira does not dwell in Funchal any more than essential Sussex is to be found along the Brighton front. It is inland along the twisting roads that lead mysteriously among the mountain gorges to such places as Sao Vincente, Santa Ann, and Caramujo, that one comes into contact with a kindly, unspoiled peasantry, and a land that is enviably detached from the welter of world chaos.

From the terrace of any of the Funchal hotels the sea horizon is beautifully broken by the blue shapes of Porto Santo and the Desertas, the other islands of the group. They are just as far from Funchal as Calais is from Dover. Porto Santo is really a hummock of the Sahara, which is not so very many miles distant on the African mainland. The local vine growers train their plants along the warm, thick sand, and the grapes ripen much quicker and more richly. Two glasses in Porto Santo will do what it takes half-a-dozen to do in Funchal.

THE OLD: A picturesque street in the Arab quarter of Algiers

The Desertas are inhabited only by sea-birds, a colony of Mediterranean seals, and a few wild goats, which are steadily being thinned by adventurous riflemen from the capital. But they are a place to visit—lonely and wistful and wild.

No, madam, that is not a colonel of the Foreign Legion wounded in a fight with Berber tribes. It is the hall-porter of the Hotel Grandiosa, whose wife threw a pudding bowl at him.

TRANSPORT A LA MODE: A visitor to Madeira enjoys a novel form of ride in a mountain hammock

THE BOSPHORUS

nent and its In- ory of Madeira: he Legion: The stambul

GAYDON

ALWAYS TRAVELLING BUT NEVER GOING ANYWHERE: The blindfold camel of the Moroccan desert draws water for the irrigation of the crops

But you do see officers of the Legion in Algiers, and intensely romantic they look, too, as they sit at the café tables blowing wisps of smoke from cigarettes that they hold in lean, sunburned fingers.

El Djezair is the Arab name for the city, and a walk along the Boulevard Carnot will lure you into imagining you are in Paris, a thousand miles from Africa. Jewellers' shops, modistes, cafés, milliners, cinemas . . . Until, startlingly, Africa butts into the scene in the form of a kaid in white robes upon a horse with crimson leather trappings, or a platoon of the Legion, dusty and in field kit, on their way to the barracks at Mustapha Supérieur.

And then one gradually becomes aware of side streets, unnoticed before, that sneak away furtively between the canyon-

AND THE NEW: The veranda of one of the city's up-to-date hotels

like walls of white houses to the native quarter. Stand still a minute and listen, and above the modern thrumming of trams and the purr of smart limousines you will hear the voice of Africa—a twang of discordant music coming from a latticed window, the whining nasal calling of merchandise from the *souk*. . . .

The North African cruises cling to the coast all the way from Ceuta to Tunis. Inland to the south the huge ramparts of the Atlas range block the sky. It is among those tawny peaks that the Legion is relentlessly taming the last stubborn resistance of the warlike Arabs. Meanwhile the peaceful Kabyles of the fertile valleys between the mountains and the sea get on with the work of cultivation that is making lowland Algeria one of the richest agricultural regions of the Mediterranean seaboard.

Along this strip the Kabyle is dominant. They are of Islam, these Kabyles, but not fanatically devout; and they are greater individualists than the Arabs. The Kabyle woman goes free and unveiled. Her husband is an expert farmer. This is the race that under French supervision is building Algeria into one of the most successful colonial enterprises of the world.

Islam stands at both ends of the Mediterranean. But its idiom in Turkey is altogether different from that of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia.

Istambul, still s in a state of flux between the Orient and the West, is infinitely more interesting to-day than it ever was in the time of the Sultanate—even though the tarboosh has had to give place to the homburg. Romantics bemoan the disappearance of the yashmak. But one feels elatedly happy about the reform at the sight of Esma Hanum, or whatever her name may be, 1933 model, hurrying over the Galata Bridge to her typing desk in a neat tailor-made and a disturbingly tilted beret.

It may be thought that such drastic surgery has robbed Istambul of its Oriental glamour. It has not, and it never will. A city of glittering minarets built along the shores of the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, a city still ringed entirely by the great walls of Constantine, the city that was once mighty Byzantium and that for all its growing modernism will always be Islam on the edge of Europe, can never become prosaic.

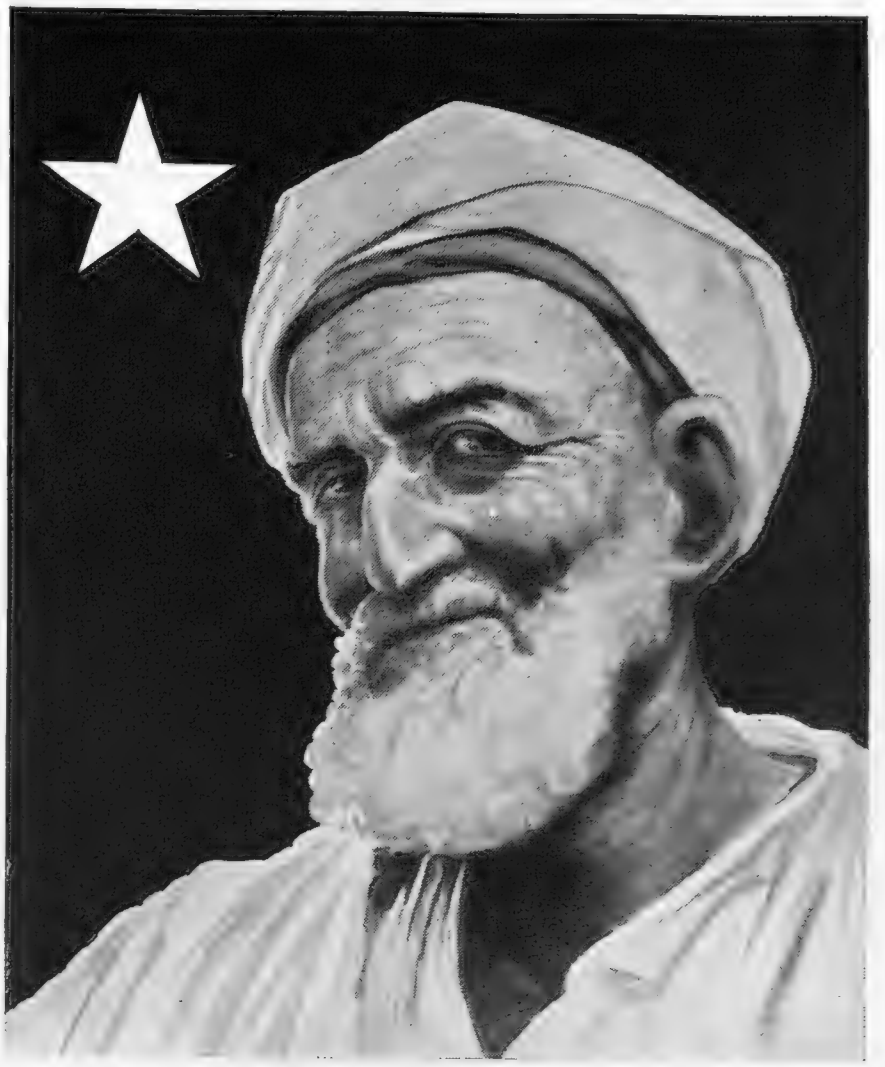
From the heights of Eyoub, overlooking the city, the minarets look like a forest of slender white candles. Here, in the old Turkish cemetery beneath the cypress groves, is the grave of Pierre Loti's little Aziade. A few yards away is a small coffee house, on the terrace of which Loti sat, sipping spiced mocha and staring into the haze beyond the Golden Horn.

Below the terrace storks are busy in the tops of the Aleppo pines. It is one of those idyllic spots that one does not dare to write about too much.

Opposite Istambul, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, the hill top of Tchamlidja rises above Scutari.

It takes about twenty minutes in the ferry to reach Scutari and another half-hour's walk to the hill-top. And there you can turn and, with the rolling immensity of Asia stretching into the distance behind you, look back into Europe from another continent.

CAMARA DE LOBOS: A delightful resort on the Madeiran coast that deserves to be better known



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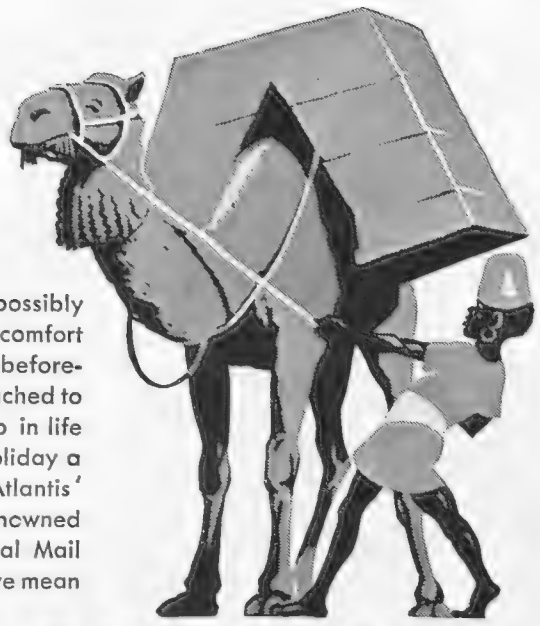

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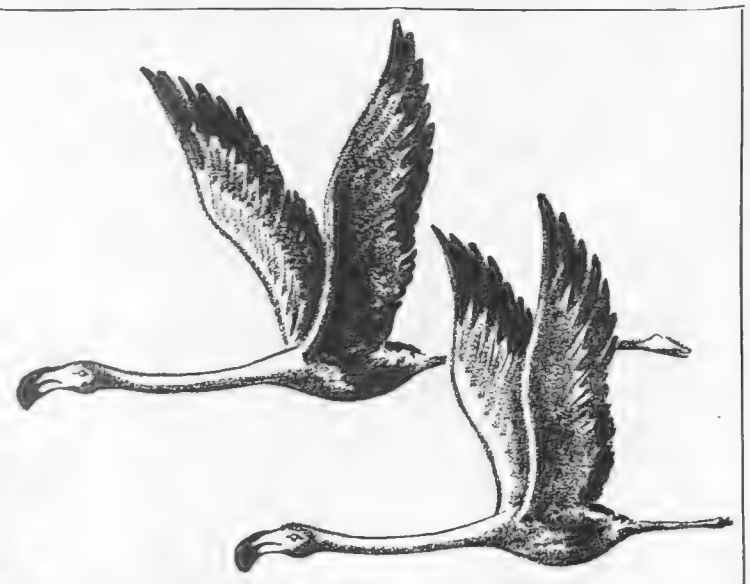

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THE WESTERN

From the Rock of of Naples—The Drink Amid the Vineyards Lovely

By ROBERT

The 1,800 miles that separate Gibraltar from Istambul mark the most dramatic sea highway of the world.

You can't keep a good man down. And a thing that is truly lovely and of worth is armoured against all the assaults of hackneydom. "Annie Laurie" has survived the wailing of four generations of amateur vocalists. The Venus of Milo has retained her grace despite the fiendish ingenuity of paper-weight, inkstand, and mantelpiece ornament manufacturers.

So it is with the Mediterranean. The publishers of those nauseously over-

AMALFI: The famous seaport on the Gulf of Salerno—once a centre of Mediterranean commerce and now a popular resort of the tourist

coloured picture postcards (notably the one of Naples, with an umbrella pine in exactly the correct foreground position to the left, and Vesuvius most obligingly blowing its smoke in a symmetrical curve on the right-hand side of the card to balance the tree's branches) have striven hard to frighten the more sensitive traveller. Concentrated propaganda and the fatuous superlatives of a certain type of guide book and pamphlet literature have carried the blight a stage further. And the mondaine lido-casino-semi-nudist activities of innumerable local authorities all along the route from Tarifa to the Dardanelles have added their strident note of alleged progress and sophistication.

But the Mediterranean rises above it all serene, unspoiled, unspoilable, and fortified by the most tremendous backgrounds of all history.

Officially the Mediterranean begins at Gibraltar. But with the right wind blowing you can smell its strange, seductive, half-sweet, half-acrid smell long before the Rock comes into sight; from a hundred miles away, almost as soon as the ship turns the corner of Portugal at Cape St. Vincent.

The coasts of Spain and Africa converge towards the narrow funnel of the Straits, which seem to act as a vent for the indefinable but wholly characteristic Mediterranean smell, which is made up, at a guess, of wine and olives and coffee and dark cigarettes and hot desert dust.

Gibraltar never disappoints. It is utterly magnificent in its gateway position, with the white pinnacle of its limestone summit as vivid as a flare against the sky. The guide books will tell you of the gun galleries cut in the solid rock, of the blooms in the Almeda Gardens, of Tarifa's citadel, and the smuggler townlet of La Linea, in Spain across the neutral ground, and of all else

AT ILE ROUSSE: A Corsican lobster morning's

you want to know. But they will not tell you of the English seaman from a little Essex creek port who skipped his ship at Ceuta, lifted a pretty Circassian from a Moorish

NAPLES: The Castel dell' Ovo—an outstanding landmark that greets the holiday-maker as he enters the famous bay

MEDITERRANEAN

Gibraltar to the Bay Mixers of Malaga—and Olive Groves of Majorca

STAFFORD

harem, crossed to Gibraltar with her, and set up as a tobacconist off Waterport Street. Sometimes, on early closing days, it is said he and his wife may be seen sitting together high on the Rock with a pair of powerful field glasses trained on Ceuta, deriding, as it were, the girl's former owners.

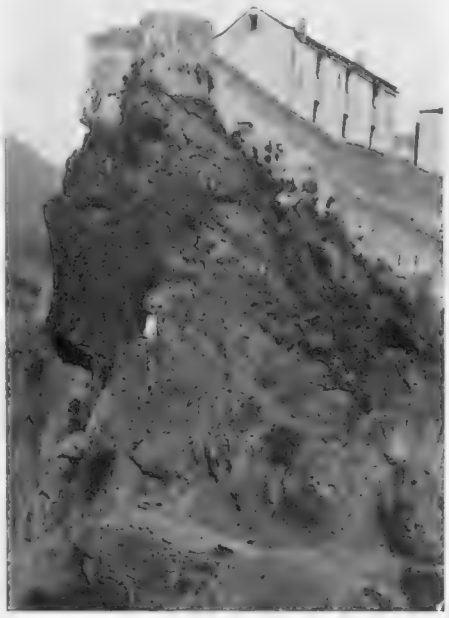
Malaga, Palma, Toulon, Ajaccio, and Naples are all ports of call in the various cruises that cover the European shores of the Western Mediterranean.

At Malaga, in the cafés in the neighbourhood of the Paseo de la Alameda, you will rub up against some of the most adept drink-

herman offers a live bargain from his ich

mixers in Europe. A dash of their own famous wine, a squirt of the juice of an orange—straight off the tree if possible—ditto with a lemon. Olive bitters, fresh grape juice, a lump of ice, and a sizzle of soda. After a few of these the droning, monotonous song of a swarthy and obese washer-woman, which came to her from Moorish ancestors, sounds as lilting as a folk dance.

Palma lies in the crook of its own bay, sprawling sleekly in the sun with an aspect dead towards the Equator. It is in the latitude of New York, but has the climate of Tahiti. Living is cheap; fish teem in the local waters. A Majorca lobster is a memorable crustacean. There are vineyards and olive groves, and big fields of yellow corn which windmills



FORTIFIED CORSICA: The old citadel at Corte amid the rocks and tortuous valleys of "Napoleon's Isle"

dotted along the coast grind into grain. With one's mind on demure Holland, the mills look oddly preposterous amid the garish, sub-tropic, Majorcan setting.

Ajaccio lives on Napoleon somewhat in the manner that Stratford-on-Avon lives on Shakespeare—though not quite so blatantly. The French gendarmerie have rounded up the last of the Corsican bandits, but the scents of the aromatic shrubs of the dense *maquis*, which has been their refuge for generations, pervade all the island.

I have invariably preceded my explorations of Naples by half-an-hour in one of the little cafés behind the Castel dell'Ovo. Here the outside tables of the cafés are placed on the old smooth stones of the small harbour of the Castel, to which royal galleys once swept upon half-a-hundred oars. It is a delightful backwater this, and though many tourists find their way to it the Neapolitans themselves also frequent the cafés and perform nimble acrobatics with tangled yards of macaroni.

Behind Naples and along the seaboard towards the South there stretches a fertile campagna. Motor services run through it to Castellammare, Sorrento, and the villages that snuggle at the feet of the Monte Cerreto chain. Pompeii can be reached in forty minutes, and the historic road over the mountains links up Ravello, Salerno, and Amalfi within a day.

MAJORCA: The delightful scenery of a Mediterranean isle in the latitude of New York and with the climate of Tahiti

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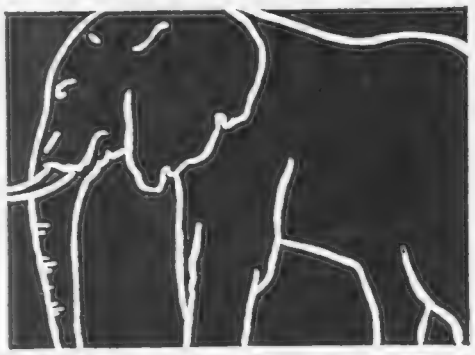

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TO THE

A Cruising Programme for

CANADIAN PACIFIC LINE.—On September 23 the *Empress of Australia* leaves Southampton for Tangier, Algiers, Messina, Naples, Barcelona, and Lisbon. The cruise leaving on October 14 by the same ship covers Ceuta, Palma, Naples, Monaco, Barcelona, and Gibraltar. The stops are all of sufficient length to allow interesting shore excursions. Pompeii may be visited from Naples, the Moroccan interior from Algiers. From Gibraltar there is time to cross the bay to the Spanish town of Algeciras, where from the sub-tropical gardens of the Hôtel Reina Christina the peninsula of the Rock is seen at its best.

The world cruise by the *Empress of Britain* starts from Monaco on January 18, proceeding via Egypt, India, Japan, Hawaii, San Francisco, the Panama Canal, Havana, and New York, and reaching England again on May 22. In this wonderful itinerary of nearly 30,000 miles, seventy days are spent at sea and fifty-four in port. The cruise touches the most dramatic corners of the world, and brings its passengers into contact with almost every strange race of the East and the Pacific.

WHITE STAR LINE.—The cruises for the latter part of September and during October are to be carried out by the *Doric* and the *Homeric*. Sailing dates, September 30 and October 4, 14, 21, 28. Routes: Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Madeira, Canary Islands, Gibraltar, and Balearic Islands.

The Christmas cruise by the *Homeric*, leaving Southampton on December 21, covers Sicily, Italy, Corsica, and Algiers.

On January 27 the same ship sails for the West Indies, Central America, Madeira, and the Canary Islands.

On February 17 the *Britannic* starts on a thirty-two days' cruise to Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Italy, Morocco, and the Riviera.

The last winter cruise by the *Homeric* leaves on March 24 for Corsica, Spain, the Riviera, Algiers, and Morocco.

The West Indies cruise on January 27 has a particularly attractive itinerary, calling at Teneriffe, St. Lucia, Havana, Jamaica, Panama, Cartagena, La Guaira (Venezuela), Trinidad, Barbados, and Madeira.

PACIFIC LINE. From Liverpool, January 17: M.V. *Reina del Pacifico*. A cruise of 21,000 miles round the continent of South America. After calling at La Rochelle, Santander, Corunna, Vigo, and Las Palmas, the ship sets off across the South Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro. Monte Video, Buenos Aires, are visited, after which the course goes south to the Falkland Islands. The Straits of Magellan are navigated, and calls made along the Pacific coast of South America at Talcahuano, San Antonio, and Valparaiso. From Valparaiso there is a run out to Robinson Crusoe's island of Juan Fernandez. Then north again, up the coasts of Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia to the Panama Canal, and through it into the Caribbean Sea, calling at Jamaica, Havana, and the Bahamas. The home stretch lies across the Atlantic to Madeira and thence via Vigo, Corunna, La Rochelle to Plymouth and Liverpool

PUTTING THE WORLD IN PERSPECTIVE: Passengers on the *Empress of Britain* will visit the Pyramids. *Right*—Elephants

The climax of this great cruise is the passage of the Straits of Magellan, one of the world's wildest sea channels. The timbered mountain slopes that form the shores of the Straits have a yet higher background of snow-capped peaks and glaciers. Penguins, cormorants, seals, and sea-lions are plentiful in the waters.

THE WHITE STAR LINER "HOMERIC": Scheduled to make a Christmas cruise to Sicily, Italy, Corsica, and Algiers

The Straits wind for 320 miles between the tip of Patagonia and the jagged rocks of Tierra del Fuego.

SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE (British agents, Thos. Cook and Son).—M.V. *Gripsholm*. Embarkation in England takes place at Southampton on January 17. The route goes to Cadiz, Marseilles, Naples, Alexandria, the Suez Canal, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Port Sudan, Suez, Haifa, Villefranche, and Malaga, reaching Southampton again on March 26.

From Alexandria arrangements have been made for an inland trip to Cairo, Luxor, and the Valley of the Kings. Bombay has been made the base for excursions to Delhi, Agra, Jaipur, Tanjore. The Ceylon excursions include Mount Lavinia and Kandy, and from Haifa ample time is allowed for visiting Jerusalem, the Jordan Valley, Nazareth, Beyrout, Baalbek, and Damascus. From Malaga a trip can be made to Granada to view the Alhambra.

SUN-BATHED JERUSALEM: Cunard cruises to Palestine allow time for excursions to the Holy City

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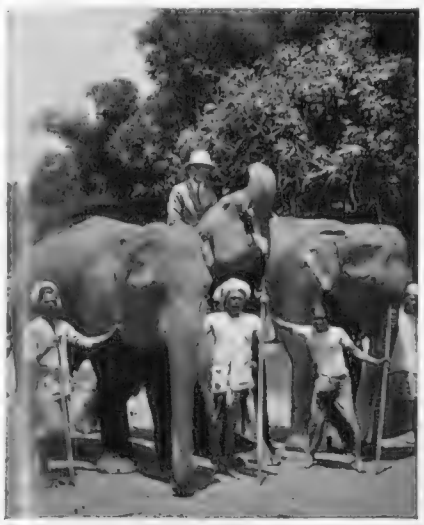

...o of the many places of interest which pas- ...uring her winter world cruise. *Left*—The ... the Mahaveli Ganga River, Kandy

...ast London, and Natal. Special fares ...ve been arranged for the winter season. ...One of the most interesting excursions is ...at to the Kruger National Park in the ...astern Transvaal. In this huge game ...serve of over 9,000 sq. miles elephant, ...ffalo, lion, rhinoceros, and every type ...antelope roam in entire freedom.

Some travellers by this service prefer ...make Capetown their base and remain there until the ship calls again on the return journey from Natal, in which case there is time to explore the beautiful hinterland of the capital and even reach the rim of the Great Karroo desert, two days distant by a wonderful train journey.

THE M.V. "REINA DEL PACIFICO," which will leave Liverpool in January for a 21,000-mile South American cruise

CUNARD LINE.—October 7: *Lancastria*. Liverpool, Gibraltar, Tangier, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Madeira, Douglas.

The winter and Easter cruises scheduled for the *Laconia* are: January 20. Liverpool, Madeira, thence across to the West Indies, calling at Barbados, La Guaira, Colon, Jamaica, Havana, Guadeloupe; then back across the Atlantic to the African coast at Dakar, returning home via Gibraltar—a total of 13,164 miles. March 10: Southampton, Ceuta, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Santa Cruz, Madeira, Gibraltar, Vigo. March 29: Southampton, Algiers, Haifa, Port Said, Athens, Naples, Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Lisbon. The Egyptian and Holy Land calls allow time for excursions to Cairo, Jerusalem, etc.

P. & O. LINE.—On December 29 the *Viceroy of India* leaves London on a forty-five days' cruise to Madeira, the West Indies, Brazil, Sierra Leone, Teneriffe, and Gibraltar. A call is also made at the Cape Verde Islands.

Between November and February the company is running tours to Egypt, the prices including sea passage, rail fares, and hotel accommodation. The fares vary according to the amount of time spent in Egypt.

Longer trips may be made to Australia and Japan. The Round-Voyage tickets for these journeys allow three months of sea travel at fares of £140 and £150 respectively. The routes are Marseilles, Egypt, Aden, India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and China. The Australian ports of call are Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

ROYAL MAIL.—*Atlantis*. September 30: Southampton, Malaga, Palermo, Port Said, Barcelona, Gibraltar. October 27: Southampton, Lisbon, Malaga, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, Madeira. December 19: Southampton, Lisbon, Palma, Naples, Messina, Algiers.

The big winter cruise of the *Atlantis* leaves on January 26 for Madeira, Cape Verde Islands, Fernando Noronha, Pernambuco, Rio de Janeiro, Tristan da Cunha, Capetown, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, Gambia, Dakar, Casablanca, and Lisbon—a cruise of 55 days, covering nearly 15,000 miles.

ORIENT LINE.—*Orontes*. January 29: to the West Indies, calling at Jamaica, Tobago, Trinidad, Grenada, Cristobal, Dominica, Barbados, etc.; then back to Las Palmas, Casablanca, and Gibraltar. March 10: a Mediterranean cruise to Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Beyrout, Jaffa, Port Said, Alexandria, Naples, and Tangier.

Several of the company's ships will make a call at Palma, Majorca, during the season before proceeding on their ordinary routes further east. By picking up a homeward bound ship at Palma an interesting round trip — London, Gibraltar, Toulon, Palma, London — may be made at a very moderate cost.

MATSON LINE.—December: By the company's new liner, *Montcrey*. A cruise to the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Dutch East Indies, China, Japan, etc.

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(Continued on p. 460)

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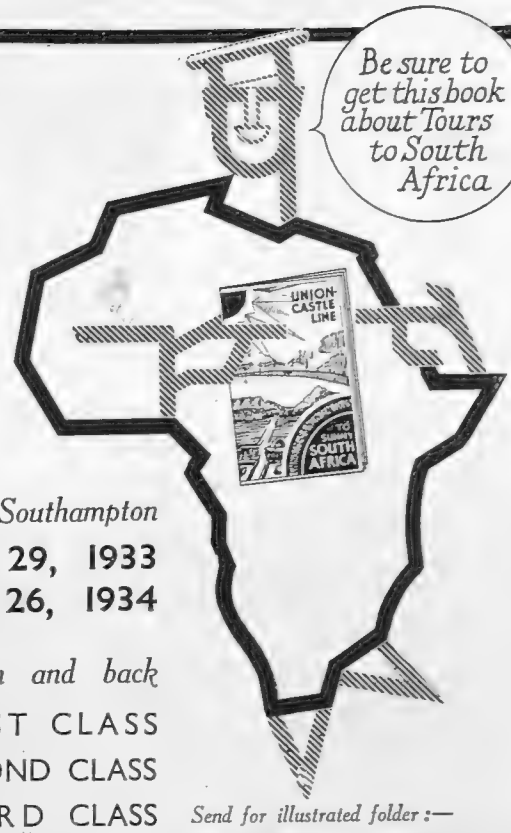

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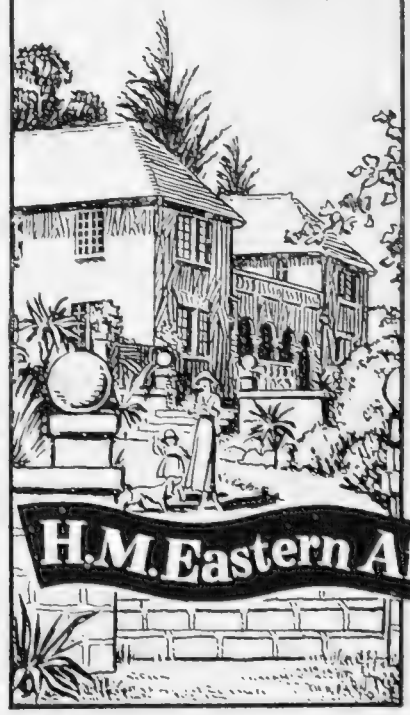

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WAR IN THE GREEN HELL

(Continued from p. 443)

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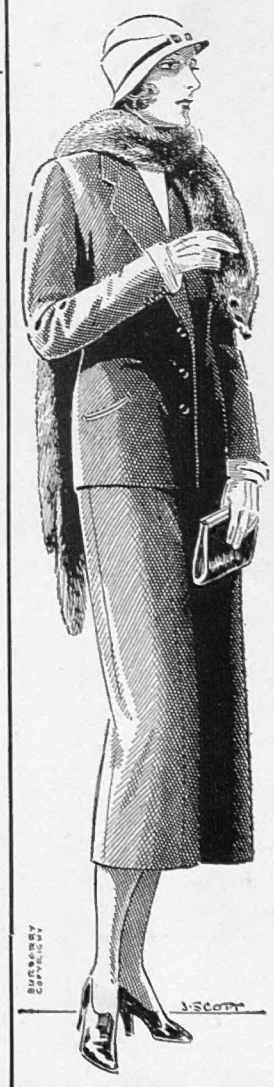

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DESERT CITIES: KANO AND AGADES

(Continued from p. 430)

Agades, the old capital of the Tauregs—a shy, wistful people—is a walled city, as is Kano, but the life and industry have gone. A city of memories, the streets are deserted; only the sword and saddle-makers ply their trades. No longer permitted to carry out raids, the Taureg is slowly but surely doomed to extinction. Instinctively warriors and masters, totally incapable of labour, The Lion is being successfully trapped and killed in the cage of civilization. The veil he wears, covering the whole of his face excepting the eyes, has, I am sure, earned him a reputation for viciousness and cunning not wholly deserved. To live with, one finds them a kind, generous, hospitable people, willing and trustworthy, living in an unproductive, water-lacking land. You have to admire their patience, courage, and dogged endurance in the face of such harsh environment, pitiless, biting, and exacting in its toll. The last glamour of past glories that still clings to these people is their possession of slaves, whom they treat well.

Averse to living in any form of permanent house, they will erect grass shelters in close proximity to perfectly good, habitable mud ones, fearing, perhaps, the four walls might enclose them for ever, taking from them the desire for the desert and its solitude.

The most picturesque people in Africa, in their blue gowns flowing softly in the breeze, a sword swinging easily at their side, supported by its slender strap of red leather, they pass you glancing neither to left nor right, as if intent on some object ahead. What? Who are they? Where did they come from? No one seems to know.

Descendants of the Crusaders;
The Amazons of Greek mythology;
Phœnicians;

but as yet no one has definitely proved the secret of their origin. Like many native people, they believe they were once white, and from the West will come one who will again lead them to glory. Through empty streets, ghosts of the past seem to move. Occasionally a figure silently crosses the square, a blanket shrouding its bent head, as if to seek further protection from prying eyes.

Swiftly the figure turns and disappears into a hidden doorway, leaving only the raised dust to betray its passing. In the market a few traders loll over half-empty stalls, pathetically waiting for purchasers that will never come. It is a town of faceless men, a city of eyes; the soft, appealing, tear-brimmed eyes of the poet greet the wild, fierce eyes of the fanatic who stands talking softly to the wise, far-seeing eyes of the philosopher.

FIRE! By Charles Graves

(Continued from p. 434)

example. In London the "danger zone" is round Cheapside and Wood Street, where the London and Manchester soft goods warehouses are situated. Here the premiums are necessarily loaded because of their location. And yet, despite everything and everyone (including the fire-bugs), the number of serious fires in London and the rest of the country has been very few in recent years.

The £250,000 fire at Madame Tussaud's, the last big one in London, was in 1925. Leith had a dock fire costing £360,000 in 1930, the same year as the £300,000 fire at Birmingham. Before that there was the £1,000,000 fire at the Victoria Dock in 1923. But apart from that we have to go some way back to really big ones. The largest on record was the £33,000,000 fire at Chicago in 1871. Several English offices had to pay out as much as £500,000 apiece. Then there was the Tooley Street fire in 1861, when £2,000,000 worth of damage was done and the chief of the London Fire Brigade was killed; the Wood Street (danger zone) fire in 1882 costing £1,500,000, and finally the Pantechnicon fire in Pimlico which cost £1,850,000—also at the end of last century. All these, of course, were purely accidental.

"The Leopold Harris case should have a distinctly deterrent effect for a short time at least on fire-raisers," my insurance man told me. "But in any case there are bound to be fires every day of the week. One thing is certain. There is no danger of there ever being a conflagration like the Fire of London again. Our fire brigade, towards which the insurance companies pay £80,000 a year, and the salvage corps, are far too efficient."

NEW PLAYS

(Continued from p. 452)

house in St. John's Wood, run by the sensible, sympathetic, and widowed Evie, and tyrannized over by her seventy-five-year-old mother.

Or, rather, it nearly happens. Her daughter nearly marries a rich young man she does not love instead of a poorer and more energetic young man she does love. Her flighty sister nearly marries a kind, rich, but grotesque Belgian instead of the fascinating waster she had adored for years. Her dowdy sister nearly revolts against Newcastle and semi-poverty and a dull husband; but as some sort of incident might have crept into the play had she actually done so, she decides to abandon castles in the air and be faithful to Newcastle-on-Tyne.

She herself nearly accepts an offer of marriage from a middle-aged cousin distant in all but his behaviour. That would not only have been dangerously near action, but would have upset the main motif of the play, which is that a true woman should let marriage be a whole-time job as long as her husband is alive and should then show devotion to his memory by consecrating herself to the service of others. A beautiful ideal, and a beautifully drawn character, played with fine dignity and natural, womanly sweetness by Miss Sybil Thorndike, whom I had never before seen to such advantage.

Miss Martita Hunt, strangely suggestive at many moments of Miss Edith Evans, brought a witty personality to bear with good effect. The *ingénue*, Miss Viola Keats, must lose that stage-conscious voice. Obviously, she has plenty to learn; yet I feel that she will be a very good actress when she has learned it, which she will.

Miss Haidée Wright, with the quiver of the voice and the quaver of the hand upon the walking-stick which have carried her triumphantly through a score of "old lady" parts, is no less triumphant here.

If the Van Druten play has too little action, *The Key*, at the St. Martin's, has more than enough. The melodramatic situations are good in this tale of the horror in Dublin in 1920: The wife of an Englishman seduced by an English officer while her husband is out on deadly nocturnal work involving raids and ambushes. The capture of the husband and the retention of him as a hostage for a Sinn Feiner under sentence of death. The anxiety of the English officer to do the right thing, having done the unforgivable wrong one. The well-meant efforts of a quaint type of General. Mr. Godfrey Tearle (excellent as the husband) bashing Sinn Feiners and being bashed by them. All good material, this.

But I cannot think that a woman desperately in love with her husband would admit to her bedroom a man to whom she was quite indifferent, just because she was worried as to whether that husband, who had left the flat less than five minutes before, would be killed. She later explained that she had committed adultery as a narcotic and because she had been sleeping badly. If women, presumably decent and sensible women, take a lover as they might take an aspirin, then *The Key* is not nonsense. But I fear it is utter nonsense, for the whole of it is based on this premise.

Mr. Arthur Sinclair made a tantalizingly short appearance in the only real scene.

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